LIFE

A SPECIAL SECTION

TELEVISION

IMPACT
What it's done to us

The First 25 Years

ARE WE HAPPY WITH WHAT WE'RE WATCHING?
A Major Poll by Louis Harris

How a Network Boss Picks Shows

SEPTEMBER 10 • 1971 • 50¢

®

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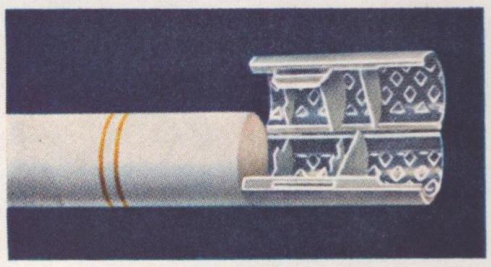
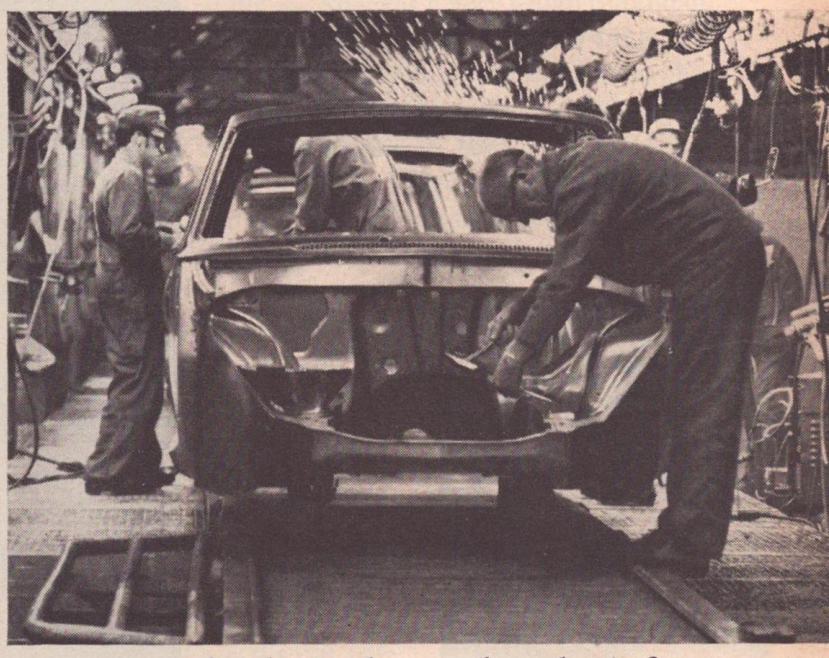


The filter system you'd need a scientist to explain ... but Doral says it in two words, "Taste me"

FILTER: 14 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report NOV.'70.

THE SLOWER YOU PUT THEM TOGETHER THE SLOWER THEY FALL APART.

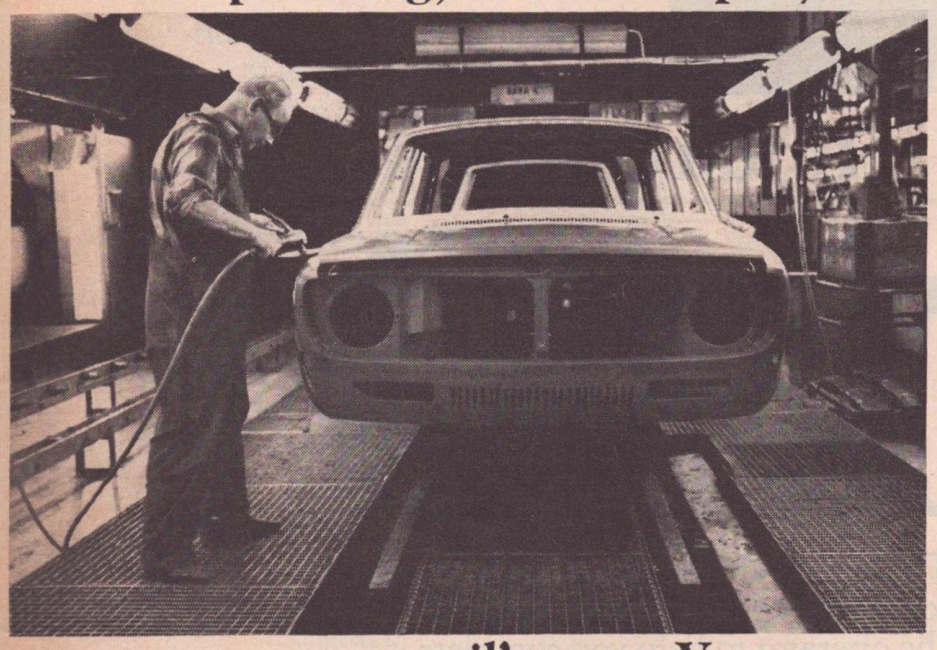


It takes a long time for a Volvo to become a Volvo.

The body is held together with more than 8,000 welds. It takes two hours for the welding itself. And a few minutes more to test the work. A man whacks at the welds with a hammer and chisel. Primitive but effective.

Volvo bodies are so tightly made, it takes less than one pound of body lead to fill in the joints. Two hours of hand grinding and filing insure that there are no rough spots on the body.

After etching in a phosphate bath and dunking in rustproofing, a Volvo is sprayed with primer. Then it's wet-sanded and washed. After a coat of sealer, it's dry-sanded, washed and sprayed with three color coats. In all, a Volvo spends 14 hours in the paint shop.



A battery of women, armed with soft flannel gloves, gives every Volvo a thorough rubdown. (Women have a more sensitive touch than men.) If any imperfection comes to hand, the Volvo goes back for a repaint.

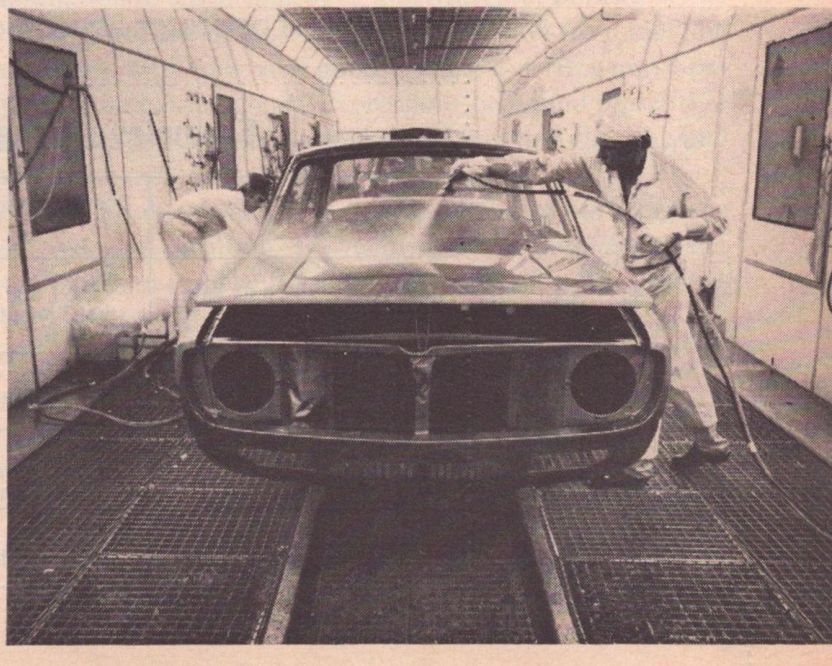
It takes a Volvo nine hours to crawl through final assembly. Compared to manufacturers who knock out as many as 90 cars an hour, our assembly line moves at a snail's pace. You never see a man chasing a car down the line with a part he didn't have time to put on. If at first he doesn't succeed, he has plenty of time to try again.

Speaking of men, at Volvo there are many. Going against the trend, we recently fired a fast machine and hired a slow man who could do the job better.

Volvo is one of the few car makers in the world that takes the time and trouble to hand balance every wheel and tire.

We've found that this lack of haste prevents waste.

It takes a long time for a Volvo to get into a junkyard too.



VOLVO

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"It makes a difference how you call Long Distance."

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70¢

plus tax

This is the rate for a three-minute, coast-to-coast, station-to-station call, 8 a.m. to 11 p.m. Saturday and 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sunday, when you dial it yourself without operator assistance.

If you don't...

$1.40

plus tax

This is the rate for that call when you don't dial the call yourself or you need the operator to help you complete it. See the footnote below for conditions under which dial-direct rates do not apply.

Examples of Long Distance rates for station-to-station coast to coast calls

		Operator-assisted calls	Dial-direct calls	Your discount when you "dial it yourself"
Weekends	8 a.m. to 11 p.m. Sat. and 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sun.	$1.40 first 3 minutes	**70¢ first 3 minutes**	**70¢ first 3 minutes**
Evenings	5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Sun. through Fri.	$1.40 first 3 minutes	**85¢ first 3 minutes**	**55¢ first 3 minutes**
Nights	11 p.m. to 8 a.m. daily	$1.40 minimum call (3 minutes)	**35¢* first minute (minimum call)**	**$1.05 on the minimum call**
Weekdays	8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Mon. through Fri.	$1.85 first 3 minutes	**$1.35 first 3 minutes**	**50¢ first 3 minutes**

Rates shown (plus tax) are for the days, hours and durations indicated on station-to-station calls. Rates are even less, of course, on out-of-state calls for shorter distances. Dial-it-yourself rates apply on all out-of-state dialed calls (without operator assistance) from residence and business phones anywhere in the continental U.S. (except Alaska) and on calls placed with an operator where direct dialing facilities are not available. Dial-direct rates do not apply to person-to-person, coin, hotel guest, credit card, and collect calls, and on calls charged to another number.

*One-minute-minimum calls available only at the times shown. Additional minutes are 20¢ each.

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EDITORS' NOTE

A relentless quest for perfect pictures

When Margaret Bourke-White died last month at the age of 67, she had not had a story in LIFE for 14 years. Parkinson's disease took a long time to kill her. If she had been able to hold a camera, or to travel at all, you would have been seeing her stories all through those years. Instead, she spent that time fighting a crippling illness. She was a very tough opponent.

As a young reporter, I once spent a month working with her on a LIFE essay. Compared to her glamorous achievements as a pioneer woman photographer and a sensationally successful war correspondent, this was a modest assignment: the delineation of social classes in Rockford, Ill. (LIFE, Sept. 12, 1949). I never worked so hard in my life. There was practically nothing she saw during that month that didn't strike her as a possible picture, and whenever she saw a possible picture, everybody went to battle stations. She was not a candid photographer. If lighting would improve a picture, out came the extension cords and the flashbulbs—in extravagant profusion. I had to rig the wires and aim the lights under her direction, and then after each exposure all the synchronized flashbulbs had to be changed for the next shot. If the picture looked good on one camera, she would try it again on two other cameras in case it looked better. And then again on still another camera in case it looked even better. The people she was photographing endured the torture of long hours, new positions and recommended changes of clothing. Once, after we had put a ladies' auxiliary through four hours of photographic hoorah in search of the perfect single picture, I asked her how she dared to demand so much. She said it was easy: they could all see how hard she was working, how much she wanted the perfect picture, and people were always willing to help that kind of determination.

BOURKE-WHITE

She had had a career of extraordinary danger—bombing missions, torpedoed at sea—but in the peaceful climate of Rockford, the only one in danger was her reporter. Three times in that one month she set off a giant flashbulb in my hand. This had never happened to me before and certainly has not happened to me since: the experience may account for my terror of electricity. The first two times were accidents: I was changing flashbulbs after she had shot a picture, and as I was screwing in a new bulb, she forgot about me and tested the shutter of her camera to make sure it was working. It was: the bulb went off with a searing flash and a most substantial amount of heat. She was very sorry, especially the second time it happened.

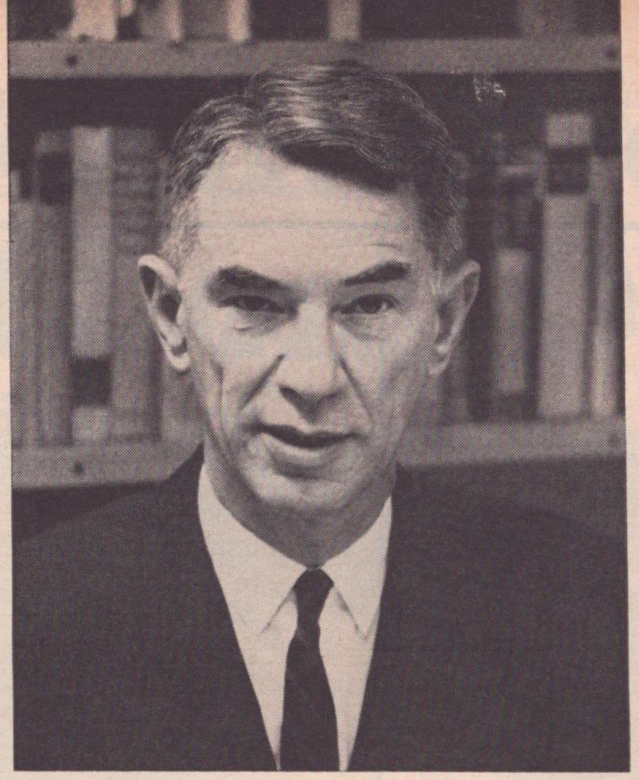
The third time was not an accident. We were photographing a splendid old lady and, as I was changing bulbs, the old lady suddenly leaned forward with great animation to tell an anecdote, and Margaret Bourke-White got the picture. She also got the by-now-familiar cry of pain from me. She turned to look at me (we were now very good friends, a perfect nurse-patient relationship) with an extraordinary expression: profound regret that she had done it to me again—coupled with absolute triumph that she had got the perfect picture at such a small cost.

She had written four books at that time and at the end of our story she gave me inscribed copies of each one. My favorite was a book about her World War II experiences in Italy called *Purple Heart Valley*. The inscription read: "To Ralph, who won three purple hearts in Rockford."

I wore them with great pride.

Ralph Graves

RALPH GRAVES,
Managing Editor



GUEST PRIVILEGE: EDWIN O. REISCHAUER

Yes to China must not be No to Japan

The news of President Nixon's proposed trip to Peking seemed to many the dawn of a spectacular new day, coming up "like thunder out of China 'cross the bay." But new dawns are usually slow and uncertain in the murky climate of international relations. And the situation in East Asia, far from brightening over the summer, has grown decidedly darker.

The Japanese have exploded in consternation at what seemed to them two quick stabs in the back delivered by their chief trading partner and only ally, the United States. As they see it, the President in July showed himself ready to make a deal with China behind Japan's back and possibly at its expense. In August, he announced a 10% surtax aimed primarily at limiting Japanese exports to the United States and at forcing Japan to revalue the yen upward for the benefit of the American economy.

While the Japanese will no doubt adjust to these blows over the short term, they come at a time of multiple and growing tensions in the relationship between the two countries, and they could set off serious psychological and political repercussions in the future. Japan's disillusionment at American disregard of it in our dealings with China could help break up the present Japanese-American cooperation in defense. This in turn would almost certainly lead to an American military withdrawal to mid-Pacific, greatly accelerated rearmament in Japan, and a rapid escalation of tensions between Japan and all its neighbors, including China and the United States. The surtax could prove to be the start in a series of mutual economic reprisals that might lead to a trade war and eventually the breakup of the present interdependent world economy into three hostile economic blocs, dominated respectively by the United States, Japan and Western Europe. If a drift in either of these directions has been started by the events of this summer, then what we are witnessing may be more a global *Götterdämmerung* than a new dawn.

Actually Henry Kissinger's visit to Peking should be viewed not as the dawn of a new day but as a flare that throws new light on the terrain. It confirms the fact that a significant shift in Sino-American relations has already taken place. No longer do Chinese or Americans look on the other as a dangerous foe. Other anxieties have come to be more pressing.

For the Chinese, their anxieties about the Soviet Union have for long overshadowed their fears of us, and more recently worries about a revival of Japanese military power have probably pushed the American threat down to third place in their minds. Since the Soviet Union and Japan both appear so menacing, the most natural reaction for China is to seek more relaxed relations with the United States. More specifically, the Chinese hope to use the United States to help contain or isolate Japan.

For Americans, distress over our absurdly swollen military involvement in Indochina and its terrible side effects now far outweighs the fear of Chinese military expansion that lay behind the whole "containment" policy and our entrapment in the Vietnam quagmire. As we now perceive the situation, the war grew out of conditions in Vietnam, not out of Chinese machinations.

The Kissinger visit and the agreement it produced do mark the definite end of an American relationship with China that has been clearly out of date for more than a decade. They may also open the door in time to a vastly important new possibility: the engagement of the Chinese quadrant of humanity in a dialogue about the problems of the world that must before long be approached in a global way, such as the allocation of world resources, the limits of population growth and worldwide pollution, to say nothing of survival in a nuclear age. But they will not lead to significant changes in the near future in the realities of Chinese-American relations.

Trade with China is not likely to grow to economically significant proportions, and beyond regulated tourism (which I hasten to add should be lots of fun), cultural and intellectual contacts are not likely to flourish. Our cultural contacts still remain disappointingly thin even with the somewhat more open society of the Soviet Union. We might in time progress to full diplomatic relations, but much of the reality of diplomatic relations exists already.

Such a changed situation will probably have no profound effect on Korea or the lands of Southeast Asia. These nations are no more susceptible to successful manipulation from the outside than is Vietnam and basically will determine their own future. For them, the chief outside influence will be economic, and it will come largely from Japan and the United States, not China.

So the developments of the summer are chiefly important for the repercussions they may have on our relations with Japan. It is our largest overseas trading partner and our chief ally in Asia. As the fastest-growing and third largest economy in the world, with a productive capacity already almost three times that of China, it has a vast potential for political and even military power. It would be folly for the United States to attempt to better relations with China at the expense of our relations with Japan.

President Nixon's economic blow to the Japanese in August is understandable. The Japanese have been very obtuse in recognizing that, now that they are an economic superpower, they must deal with other industrial nations in full reciprocity and can no longer take the United States for granted. If this blow does not set off a trade war but merely wakes the Japanese to this fact, it could prove to have been a useful step.

The President's blow in July is less justifiable. The Japanese all along have desired a relaxation of Sino-American tensions, but not at their expense or behind their backs. For them, relations with us far outweigh in importance those with any other country, because Japan depends heavily on the United States for security and finds in us its chief foreign market. At the same time, China relations are politically a much more explosive issue in Japan than in the United States, and Japan's present ambiguous position of recognizing Taiwan while being Peking's chief trading partner grew originally out of American insistence in the early 1950s. To see the United States now making a spectacular step forward in its relations with China without even notifying Japan in advance, much less consulting with her, is a humiliation and a politically dangerous blow to the Sato administration. The argument that secrecy was necessary to the success of the Kissinger mission is no excuse, because it merely shows that the United States gives little thought to its relations with Japan when it turns its attention to the more fascinating China question. This is exactly what the Japanese fear.

It is time for us too to wake up and stop taking Japan for granted. Clearly there can be no rapprochement with China based on Peking's hope that this would help split Japan and the United States apart. Such an approach would be the surest way to stimulate the sort of Japanese rearmament that China so deeply fears. Any meaningful Sino-American rapprochement must be paralleled by a rapprochement between China and Japan. It should be unthinkable that President Nixon would confer with the Chinese leaders in Peking before he has first gone to Tokyo and quite openly reached an understanding with the Japanese leaders on our mutual relations with China. ■

Professor Reischauer teaches East Asian studies at Harvard. He was ambassador to Japan in 1961-66.

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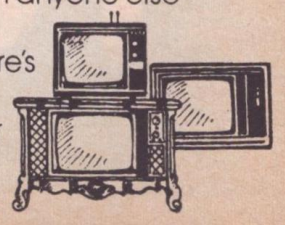

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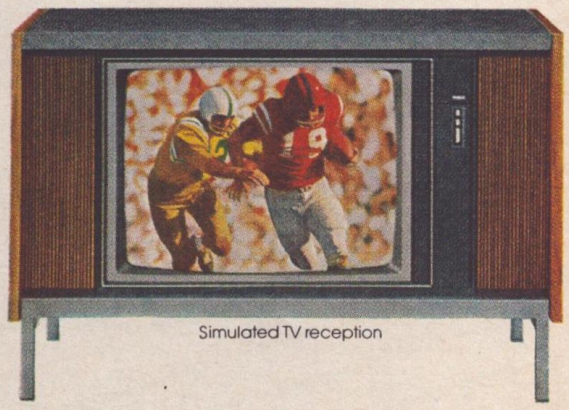
In short, the warranty covers every set defect. It doesn't cover installation, foreign use, antenna systems or adjustment of customer controls.

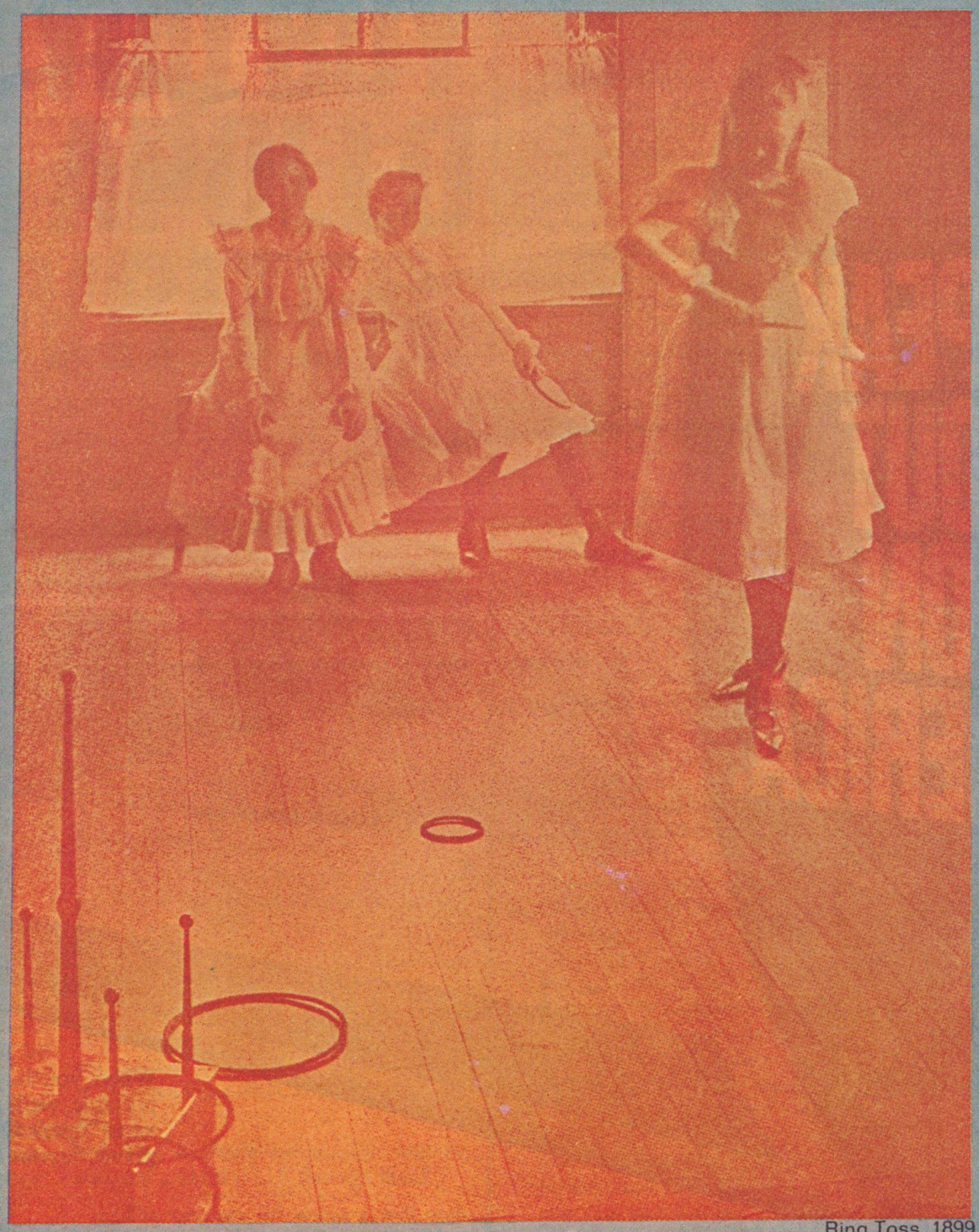
XL-100. 100% Solid State AccuColor. The whole new ballgame is being played at your RCA dealer now.



Simulated TV reception

RCA XL-100
100% Solid State AccuColor

Blind Man's Buff, 1898



Ring Toss, 1899

GALLERY

At the turn of the century, Clarence H. White was one of the most influential photographers in America. Using his family and friends as models, he portrayed informal domestic scenes that provided a welcome contrast to the stiff-necked poses of the day. He was the first to photograph directly into the light—which gave his pictures a soft, hazy tone—and he occasionally tinted his prints (above) by rubbing them with pigment. Since his death in 1925 at the age of 54, his work has been largely forgotten. But this year Peter C. Bunell organized a major retrospective exhibition, which is currently on show at New York's Museum of Modern Art.

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SIX RUNNER-UP PRIZES.

$1,000 U.S. Savings Bonds. (Worth $750 right now, $1,000 in six years.)

We call the contest "Speak Out On America." Because that's exactly what you do to enter it. This is a chance for you to say just what's on your mind about this country. War and politics, pollution, poverty, hope, religion, the future, your choice. You do your own thing in telling your views about America. Essays must be written in 500 words or less. The entries must be

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original and will be judged on creativity of expression, aptness of thought, and clarity.

So that's it, the Royal "Speak Out On America" Contest. See your Royal dealer for a contest entry blank. (Call your local Royal office for the name of the dealer nearest you.) After all, you have everything to win. And, with the Royal Apollo electric, or any other Royal, you just can't lose. So speak out.

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1. No purchase is necessary. Pick up a contest entry form at your typewriter retailer or write for one to the Royal Typewriter Company, Hartford, Connecticut. Fill in your name, address, and Zip Code. Print in block letters or typewrite.

2. Mail completed form with your entry to Royal Contest; P.O. Box 974, Rosemount, Minnesota 55068. Only one (1) entry per contestant. Entries must be postmarked no later than October 31, 1971.

3. "Speak Out On America" entries must be original essays typewritten or printed in block letters and must be 500 words or less.

4. All entries become the property of the Royal Typewriter Company, and will not be returned.

5. Winning entries will be judged on creativity of expression (0% to 40%), aptness of thought (0% to 30%), and clarity (0% to 30%). Entries will be judged by independent qualified judges, under the supervision of Marden-Kane, Inc. All judgments are final.

6. The winning submission will be awarded a $10,000 U.S. Savings Bond.

7. The next six (6) winners will each be awarded a $1,000 U.S. Savings Bond.

8. This contest is void wherever prohibited, taxed, or restricted by federal, state, or local regulations.

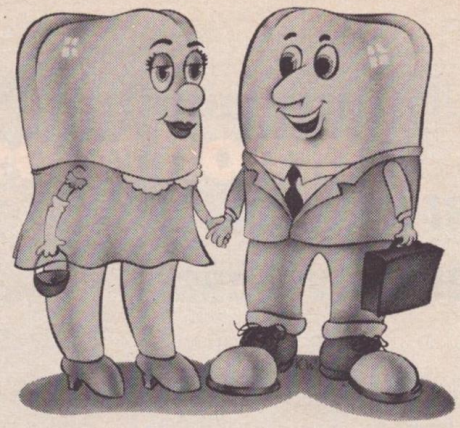
Employees of Litton Industries, D'Arcy-MacManus-Intermarco, Inc., Marden-Kane, Inc., M.P.A., judges, and their immediate families are not eligible. State, federal, and other taxes imposed on the prize winner in the contest will be the sole responsibility of the prize winner.

Your chances of winning will depend upon the quality of your entry and the number of entries received at approximately 10,000 participating stores.

Litton **Royal Typewriter Company**
Division of Litton Industries

LIFE COMMENT

Making mountains out of molars



TEETH

You can spend endless weeks regaling friends with the glories and gories of your recent—and utterly unoriginal—appendectomy, but just try a mere five minutes on that perilous root canal job and see how many dinner parties you're invited to *this* winter. Teeth, for some odd reason, have always gotten extremely short shrift in our society. There have been no perky books on the subject, never a single television series about the crises in the life of an orthodontist.

Ask any mother. Her classic Son/Prince grows up to be, of course, a brain surgeon. Or an orthopedist, or a dermatologist. The flop, klutz, prince manqué becomes, what else? My son, the—er, dentist.

Sydney Garfield, D.D.S., of Beverly Hills has written a book which not only will exonerate him with his mother but will surely catapult dentistry into the Big Time. *Teeth Teeth Teeth* (Simon & Schuster, $9.95), subtitled "A Treatise on Teeth and Related Parts of Man, Land & Water Animals from Earth's Beginning to the Future of Time," is a 450-page encyclopedia with more than 300 illustrations, most drawn by the author himself. It is the first of its kind, a compendium of every single fact known to man about his mouth. And it is a rhapsody, an epic poem—oh, how to adequately explain this volume! Okay, it is as if Gray's *Anatomy* were written by Rod McKuen.

It starts out: "From the beginning THE TOOTH has been one with man. He evolved with him from the depths of oceans. . . . He's always been one with man—King and peasant alike—through sufferings and pains and agonies and death. And he joined his pleasures and loves, and wars and plagues, and orgies and feasts. And now THE TOOTH enters other realms, to moons and planets and the stars."

See what I mean? Dr. Garfield feels about our pearly whites like Oliver B. feels about Jenny C. Perhaps more so. Who else besides Erich Segal or a man in love could pen: "The Touch that Adds to Dental Beauty/Converts Distress to a Roo Toot Toothy"?

No, *Teeth Teeth Teeth* is not a put-on. It is a personal labor of intense dedication and superpassion, by a man who becomes disarmingly lovable as the book unfolds. If you're already interested and knowledgeable about the subject, it'll be, for you, a zippy denture adventure; if you're a neophyte, you'll have a whole new world to—as the author would undoubtedly say—sink your teeth into.

The book opens with a long, awesomely researched chapter on "The History of Dentistry": early myths (tooth disease was thought to be caused either by the dread Toothworm or by excessive sexual activity), an analysis of the mouth of Pharaoh Ramses II (degenerated roots but a good bite) and Dr. G.'s drawings of the evolution of the drill. Not exactly the stuff of a DeMille spectacular, but it does have its dramatic moments, as in a description of the historic Amalgam War—a 19th-century skirmish between the silver-filling radicals and the antiamalgam reactionaries.

Besides the heavy material on fixed prosthodontics, dentistry for children, endodontia, oral surgery, periodontia, Dr. Garfield has six sections he calls "Romance Chapters," my particular favorite of which is titled "All the World Including Dental Offices Is a Stage." Schmaltzy, pussycat stories from the annals of One Man's Dental Practice: Arlene, the sexy, goof-up nurse; Mrs. Selle Fishe (her maiden name was Miss Incarne Sciderate), who dropped her new denture down the garbage disposal and wanted the replacement free. Elsewhere, we get a hint about the doctor's ex-marriage ("As with others in these troubled times unfortunately, discord replaced our bliss, our love lost, we rebelled and parted") and an anecdote called "If Only I Had Pulled Mort's Tooth," which is the most heart-wrenching scene since Anna Karenina threw herself under the train. Then, of course, there is the poetry, ah yes, the poetry. "Repair Restoration of our Chew Machine/Keeps All Attractive, Young, Less-Mean."

I promise you that you have never read a book like *Teeth Teeth Teeth*. It is much more than you've ever wanted to know about *anything*, much less fillings, inlays, crowns, jackets, porcelain bridges and partial removable dentures. But, to quote Dr. Sydney Garfield, D.D.S.: "As important as teeth are or anything else in life, occasionally it's wonderful to relax and waste time. Such indulgence can be enjoyed by all, without discriminative barrier of monetary means, power, race, color or creed." That's the Tooth, the Whole Tooth and Nothing but the Tooth, Syd.

by Marcia Seligson

Miss Seligson is writing a book on the American way of wedding.

LIFE **MOVIE REVIEW**

Bergman at his deceptive best

THE TOUCH

Since the surface of *The Touch* appears to be prosaic, and since Ingmar Bergman is indubitably the screen's only great metaphysical poet, most reviewers have been murmuring polite and puzzled regrets over his choice of rather ordinary people caught up in a rather banal situation as subject matter for his latest film. But in this instance appearances deceive, and what looks superficially like a simple triangle—a comfortable old middle-class marriage temporarily but violently disrupted by a neurotic and volatile stranger who makes off with the wife's affections—is, in fact, a work every bit as mature, mysterious and disturbing as anything Bergman has done in the last few years. And these have been, of course, the years of his greatness, on which his immortality as an artist will finally rest.

It is one of the high tasks of art to seek out and elucidate that which is singular and strangely resonant in the seemingly routine. Bergman has undertaken to do so here. He establishes his intentions with an opening scene as precise and poignant as anything he has ever done. In it, Karin (played with delicate understanding by Bibi Andersson) arrives at a hospital minutes after her mother's death, unstated circumstances having prevented her from arriving in time to observe the loved one's passing and to mark it with appropriate expressions of emotion. In the dead woman's room, the inanimate objects that witnessed the end—a ticking clock, a vase of fresh flowers, her own photograph—mock her. Lifeless symbols of life, they are as intact, as untouched, as if nothing had happened here. And as the film unfolds we begin to perceive that Karin feels that her serene, in many respects enviable, existence is rather like that of these objects—humble, unaspiring, less than fully sensate.

So we understand that the affair on which she shortly embarks is a form of rebellion against this not-quite-alive state of being. There is no other way to understand it, since her lover, an American archaeologist (Elliott Gould), is as thoroughly short-circuited a tangle of nerves as any woman ever had the misfortune to encounter—a neurotically possessive, occasionally impotent, frequently angry, always self-pitying child-man.

Andersson and child-man Gould

Just out of a need for sexual adventure, a woman like Karin might conceivably turn to such a person for a night or two. But Karin prolongs an affair with him for close to two years, risking in the process everything she has loved and valued. She is acting out of a much more profound need—a need for the pain and humiliation that test the vital signs in every obscure corner of her soul.

Only in the most vulgar sense, then, can *The Touch* be regarded as a triangle. For Gould's rival turns out to be not only Karin's gentle, intelligent and strong husband (masterfully underplayed by Max von Sydow) but also the very routines of her life—washday, for example, or spring cleaning or a shopping expedition with her daughter—those commonplace obligations and small satisfactions that become memorable only when they are threatened. And Bergman invests these scenes with a sensuous appeal that he never grants to the lovers' meetings, where he makes us feel the grit on the windowsills, the roughness of unpressed sheets, the draftiness of the floor and, above all, the terrible unspoken tensions in the air.

For in the end Bergman reveals that, for him, the tortured American (a would-be suicide, it turns out, and a man living in incest) is a symbol of death. The sun-splashed order of the home Karin risks is a symbol of life. And we come to see that a directorial career of the highest daring has come to this—an insistence on the priceless value of the simplest things. That, anyway, is what Karin discovers when "the touch" of mortality (how else interpret the title?) brushes against her, moving her to an adventure of similar daring, which ends in a similar rejection of emotional extremes and embrace of the commonplace.

She is, then, our first full-scale existential heroine. And, if nothing else, an exquisitely detailed, beautifully modeled portrait of modern woman in crisis. In all film—in all literature, I believe—you will find none greater. If she is only the apex of a romantic triangle, Bergman has certainly made the most of it. And his critics the least of it.

by Richard Schickel

LIFE **TV REVIEW**

Narrow window into China

RED CHINA

They should be contemplated as giant crustaceans brought up from the depths of the sea are contemplated. Both are disconcerting to us, show us suddenly how much simplicity there is in us, inspire in us the idea of an existence without ties to our own." Thus wrote Ling, a Chinese intellectual, to A.D., a French intellectual, in André Malraux's 1926 epistolary novel *The Temptation of the West*. Ling was referring to the demons in the Temple of the Lamas, but he might just as well have been talking about his countrymen as they appear today in a BBC-TV documentary called *Red China*—disconcerting in the extreme.

You won't be seeing *Red China* on any of the networks. The networks are absorbed in their own diplomacy, seeking recognition of their news teams by Chairman Mao in time for President Nixon's joyride. Meanwhile, the BBC has been enterprising. Granted permission to film the international Canton Trade Fair in the fall of 1970, Julian Pettifer and his crew came back with an hour-long look at a school, a factory, an agricultural commune and family life on the mainland. It has been sold to over 30 individual stations here for showing in September. Check your local listings.

Because, no matter where you stand politically, *Red China* is an excellent Rorschach test. For the Left, there is social engineering on a cosmic scale (the communes, the schools): an attempt to kill off elitism (students must work in the fields, workers teach in the schools, technicians sit down with factory hands to plan product modifications): an end to male chauvinism (day-care centers for working mothers, female doctors, steelworkers, farmers and fishermen); no more profit motive, etc. For the Right, there is regimentation (everybody does exactly what the state tells him to do); psychological conditioning (propaganda skits at coffee breaks, 4-year-olds reviling Mao's enemies inside and outside of China, songs set to platitudes from the Little Red Book, the teaching of an English that seems to consist principally of "running dogs" and "imperialist aggressors"); an absence of individuality. Besides, doesn't that communal "work-points" system constitute a creeping capitalism of incentives?

Until now, "Red" China has been oddly colorless in the American mind, a gray of newsreel clips, a kind of wartime Korea: no flowers, no dancing, on a lunar landscape. The color cameras of the BBC give us reds and blues, fields, trees, streams, heartachingly beautiful faces—800 million people about whom we know as little as they know of us. Mr. Pettifer's narration struggles oddly with his film footage. It is as though the window he had opened let in so much light and color that he fears we may have been blinded to its Orwellian contours; he therefore reminds us incessantly of those contours. He needn't. China rises before us as a laboratory, a "schooled" society that might give even Ivan Illich pause in his apocalyptics. But our argument is with the lab technicians, not with those upon whom the technicians experiment.

Pettifer takes a break with the happy crustaceans of his study

One also wonders what Ling himself would have made of it. The state of serenity, the "sense of purity," which he opposed to A.D.'s Western "action," the "rhythm" as opposed to "works," is not to be found in this documentary. Contemporary China appears to have gone the way of the West, only farther, toward "glory," away from "wisdom," toward "imitating" and "depicting," away from "signifying." "Geometers, even of divinity" Ling saw in the West; he would see them at home today.

All right, it's a narrow window. But after 30 years of mostly darkness and mostly silence about mainland China, even an hour of sight and sound is welcome, especially if it lets the pictures talk for themselves. On this subject we tend to be like (to quote Ling one final time) "serious scholars, who carefully noting the movements of fish, have yet to discover that fish live in water." *Red China* tells us something about the swimming situation: come on in, the water's interesting.

by Cyclops

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LIFE BOOK REVIEW

Passionate brief for Richard III

WE SPEAK NO TREASON
by ROSEMARY HAWLEY JARMAN
(Little, Brown and Company) $8.95

Among those who first feel and then communicate a sense of history, historical novelists have an honorable place. Mention a few characters in the Hall of Fame—Alexandre Dumas, Margaret Irwin, Harrison Ainsworth—and bygone pageants of Cardinal Richelieu's France, the Scotland of Montrose and London during the Great Plague fill the eye of the imagination. History is full of good tales, but many of the best must be treated gingerly by historians because they are based on legend. Novelists can use these freely to give us their own vivid sense of the past, but they should not confuse their role with the historian's and insist upon the truth of their revelations.

A new and eminently enjoyable retelling of the career of King Richard III of England, *We Speak No Treason*, by Rosemary Hawley Jarman, is a rattling good tale, told with such intensity (it is incidentally her first book) that the reader is left gasping and struggling for 20th-century breath at the end of it all. There has surely been no more passionately readable historical novel since Anya Seton's unforgettable *Katherine*, despite the fact that Mrs. Jarman's flashing flashbacks at times do seem to get a little out of her control and ours. Of course Richard III of Gloucester, that controversial crouchback, has been a favorite subject ever since Shakespeare created his twisted murderer, although it was probably Josephine Tey's brilliant *Daughter of Time* which first made the general public aware that Richard may have been framed by the propagandists of his Tudor successors. Mrs. Jarman, like Josephine Tey, is very much on the side of Richard, and refuses flatly to accept the charge that he had his young nephews, the little King Edward V and the Duke of York, known as the Princes in the Tower, put to death in order to acquire the throne.

Her story is told in four parts. It begins with the tale of the copper-haired "Maiden," who comes to the court of Richard's brother, King Edward IV, when he marries Elizabeth Woodville, and whose greedy family swamps the courtiers. The maiden becomes Richard's mistress. Their liaison is described in language which is dreamlike and sensuous, full of colors and scents, as one pictures the world illustrated in a 15th-century psalter. The second part is told by

Rosemary Hawley Jarman

Patch, King Edward's fool, who has loved the maiden and through whose eyes we see Richard's true love for his wife Anne Neville; the third by Richard's own sworn man, who relates the complicated Yorkist and Lancastrian power politics which lead eventually to the death of Richard at Bosworth Field and the accession of Henry Tudor. Lastly, the maiden, having borne Richard's bastard daughter and now become a nun, rescues her lover's bloodstained body and gives it burial, bringing the wheel full cycle.

Throughout the book, Richard is depicted as the man of honor, disciplined where Edward is self-indulgent, austere yet tender to his mistress and later his wife, a wise ruler loved by the people until his enemies spread their vicious lies about him. By clever hints, the true story of the little princes (as the author sees it) is unfolded: Richard was compelled to take the boy king from the throne, not out of ambition but because both boys were illegitimate. Their father, King Edward, it seems, had married another lady secretly, long before his wedding to Elizabeth. Having ascended the throne lawfully, Richard hid the princes away, not in the Tower but in Yorkshire, to protect them from the opposing faction, and eventually spirited them to France, where they lived on happily, etc. It is a romantic point of view, if not a historical one, and romantically handled. The only discordant note comes when Mrs. Jarman suddenly inserts a footnote of her own to show that one of her points actually has a historical basis—*i.e.*, the laundry bill which proves the continued existence of the princes long after Richard was supposed to have killed them. Such an interpolation in an excellent novel is unnecessary and, however well meant, it cannot help breaking the reader's dream. Once we start puzzling over how much is fact and how much fiction, the result is bound to be compromised. In future let us hope Rosemary Hawley Jarman continues to give us her visions without the realistic footnotes, leaving such drops of cold water to the historians.

by Antonia Fraser

Lady Antonia is the author of Mary, Queen of Scots.

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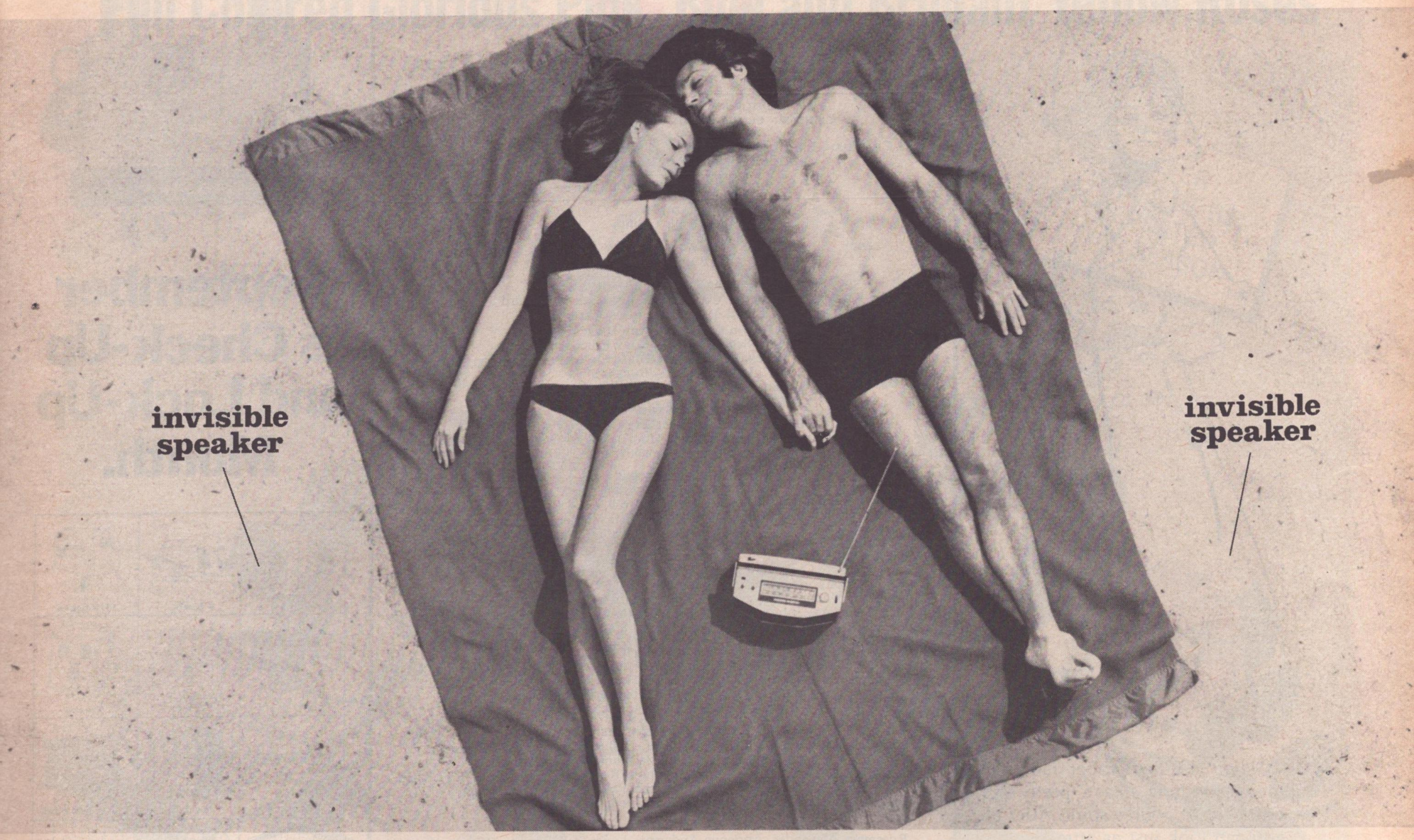

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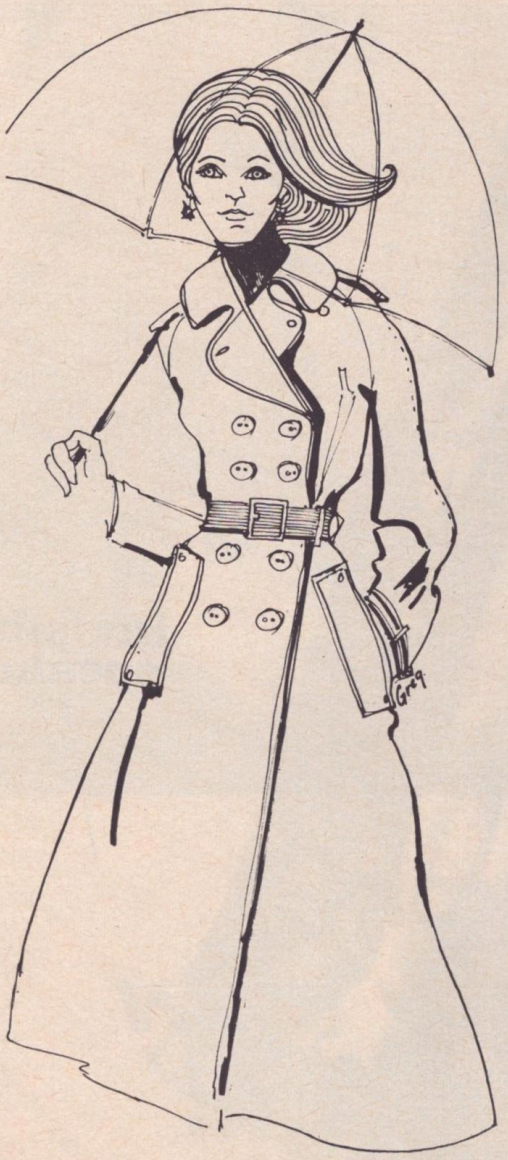
September in the rain



When the September rains fall, there's nothing like a pretty rain outfit to lift a girl's spirit. After all, you can look just as attractive and feminine on the gloomy days as you do when the sun shines. Same thing applies when you have your period. Internally worn Tampax tampons can help you feel as fresh and confident as you do the rest of the month.

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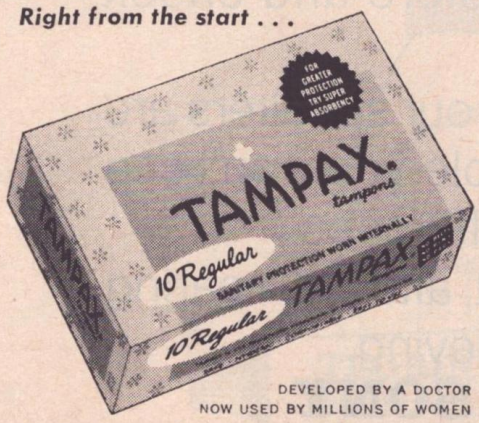

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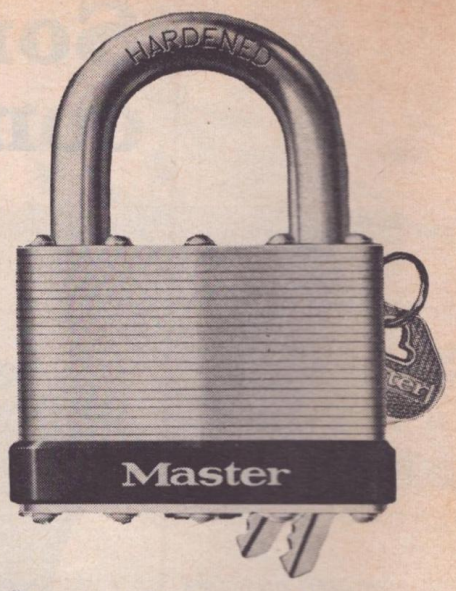

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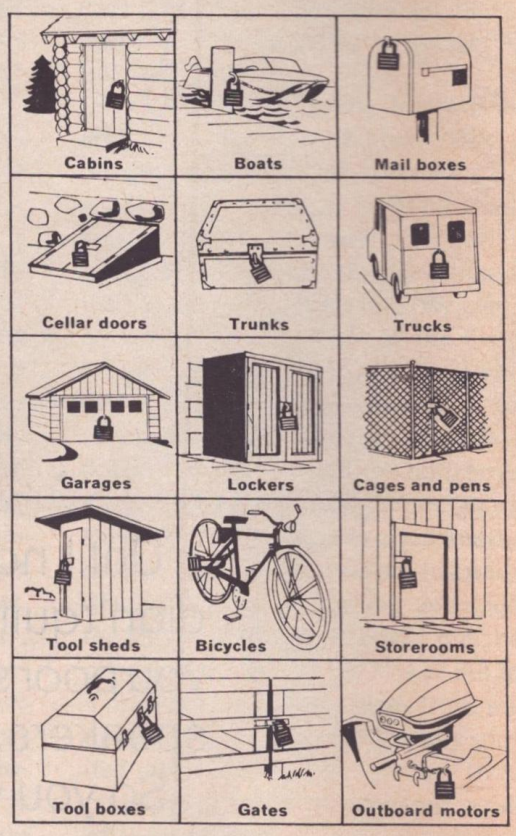

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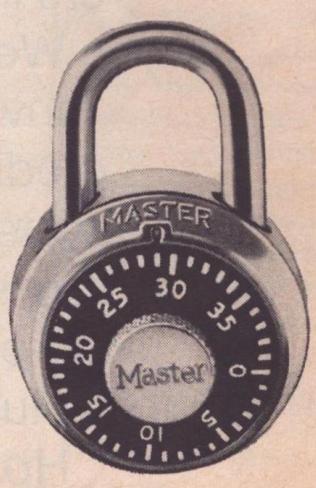

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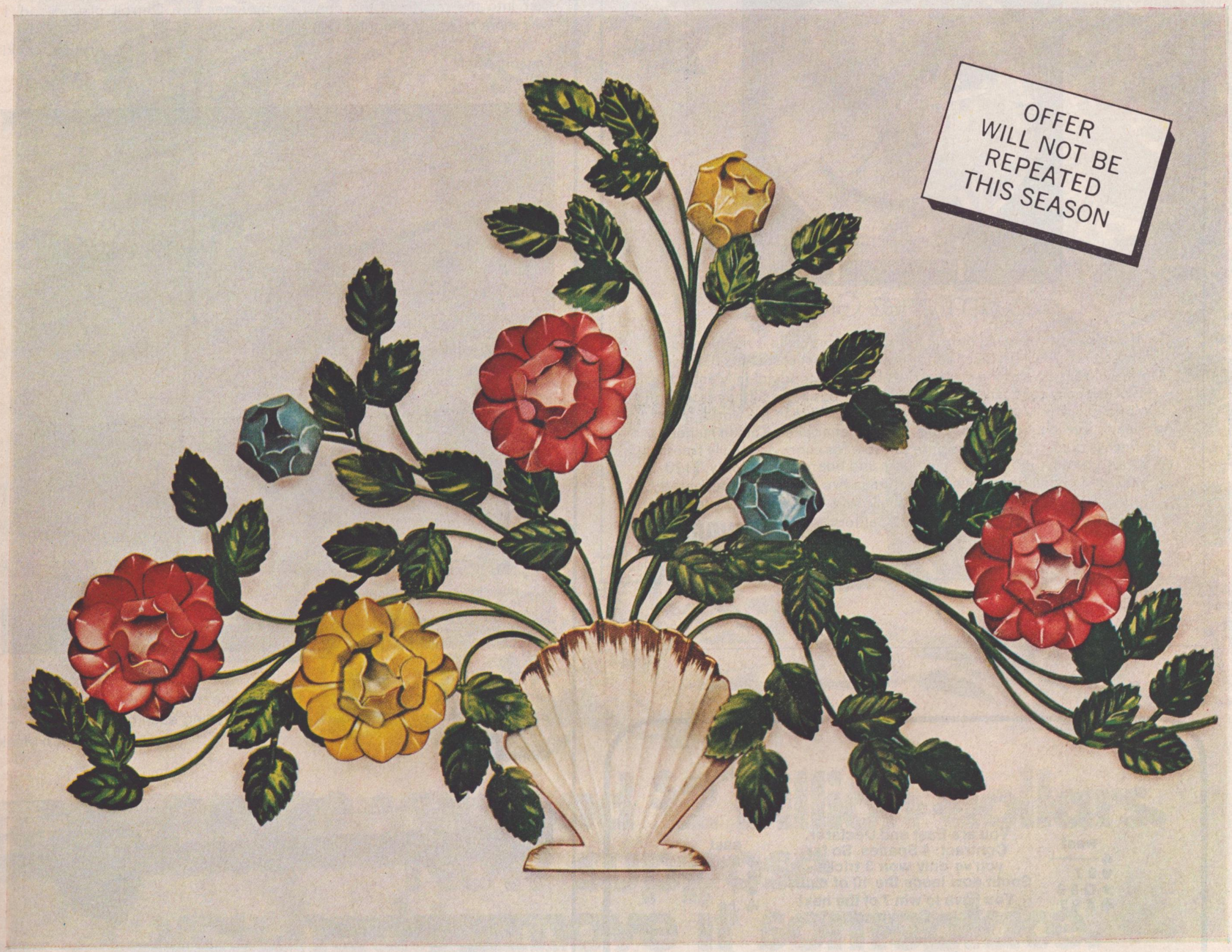

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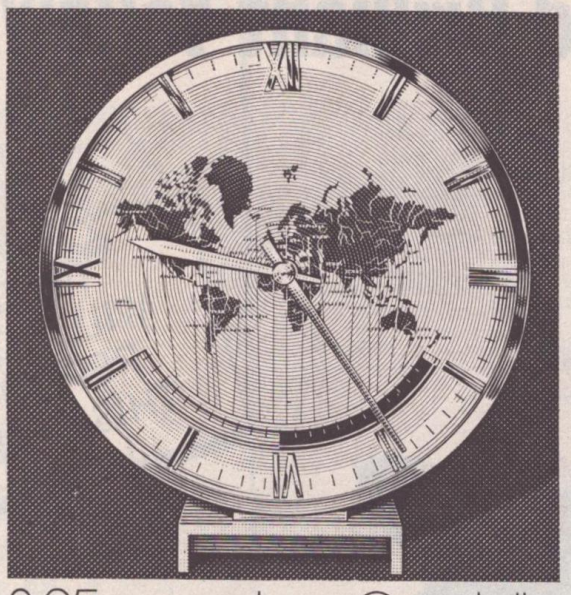

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♦ Q 9 6
♣ A 8 7

You are East and Declarer. Contract: 4 Spades. So far you've only won 3 tricks. South now leads the 10 of clubs. You have to win 7 of the next 8 tricks. Can you do it?

east
♠ A K 9 8 6
♥ —
♦ 4
♣ J 9

south
♠ —
♥ J 10 8 5
♦ 10 8 3
♣ 10

It seems impossible, but Giorgio Belladonna of the Italian Blue team was sitting in the "hot" East chair and managed to win those 7 tricks and make his contract. With PRO BRIDGE, the instruction-game that makes "pros" out of amateurs, you are literally put in Giorgio's seat, and that of Robert Hamman, Oswald Jacoby, and many other champion players. You have your chance to second guess them, emulate them, and—most important—to discover their "pro" techniques and adapt them to your game.
PRO BRIDGE has four decks of color-coded plastic-coated cards and a complete trick-by-trick course in tournament hands, played by the masters. It "pats you on the back" when you're right; if you make a mistake you're shown the right path. Your game is bound to improve at least one trick per hand—and wouldn't that make all the difference? Best surprise of all is the price: no need to pay $30 for a professional bridge course. PRO BRIDGE is that, and is just $9.95. Don't you owe it to yourself (and your partner) to make this small investment?

☐ I'm tired of being a duffer. Send me PRO BRIDGE. My check for $10.95 ($9.95 plus $1 for post. & ins. is enc.). (Calif. res. add tax.) Return in 2 weeks if not pleased.

Name _____
Address _____
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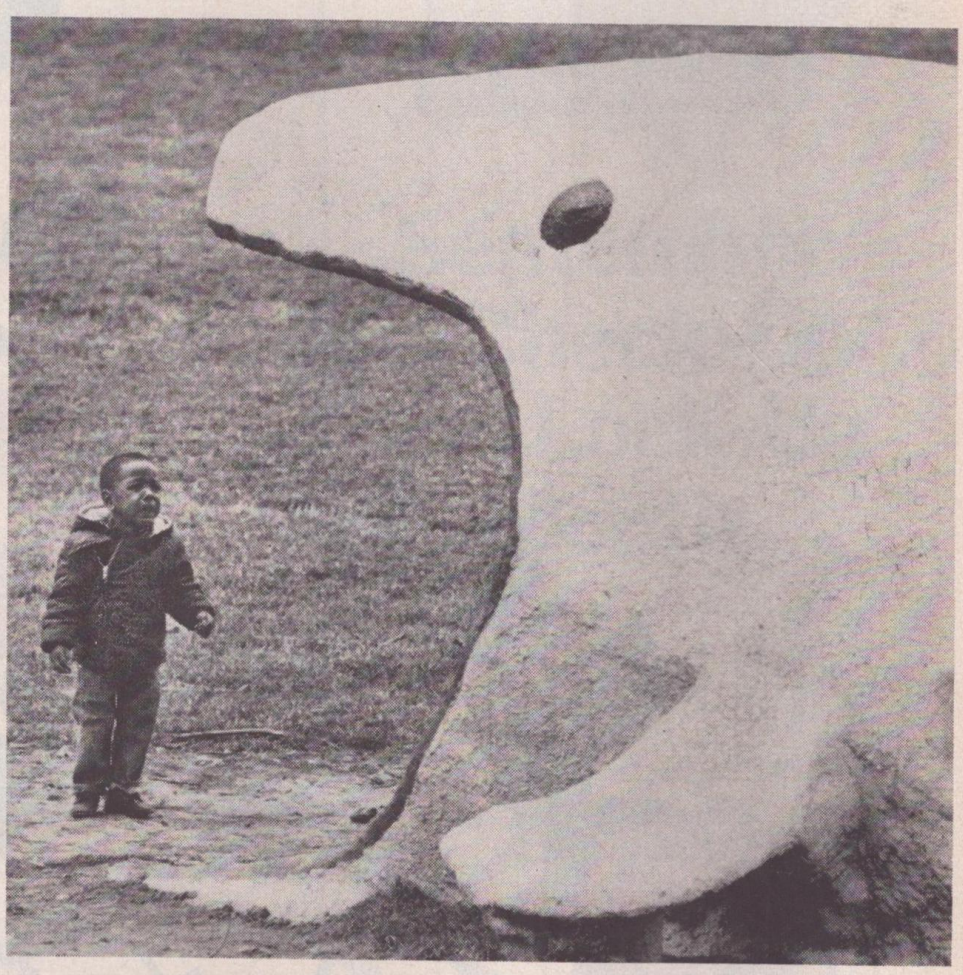
LI0910

Pictures to the Editors

Sirs: More wailer than whaler, this little boy refused to follow his father into the mouth of the concrete monster in a Detroit playground. I was there on assignment for UPI.

Art Chernecki

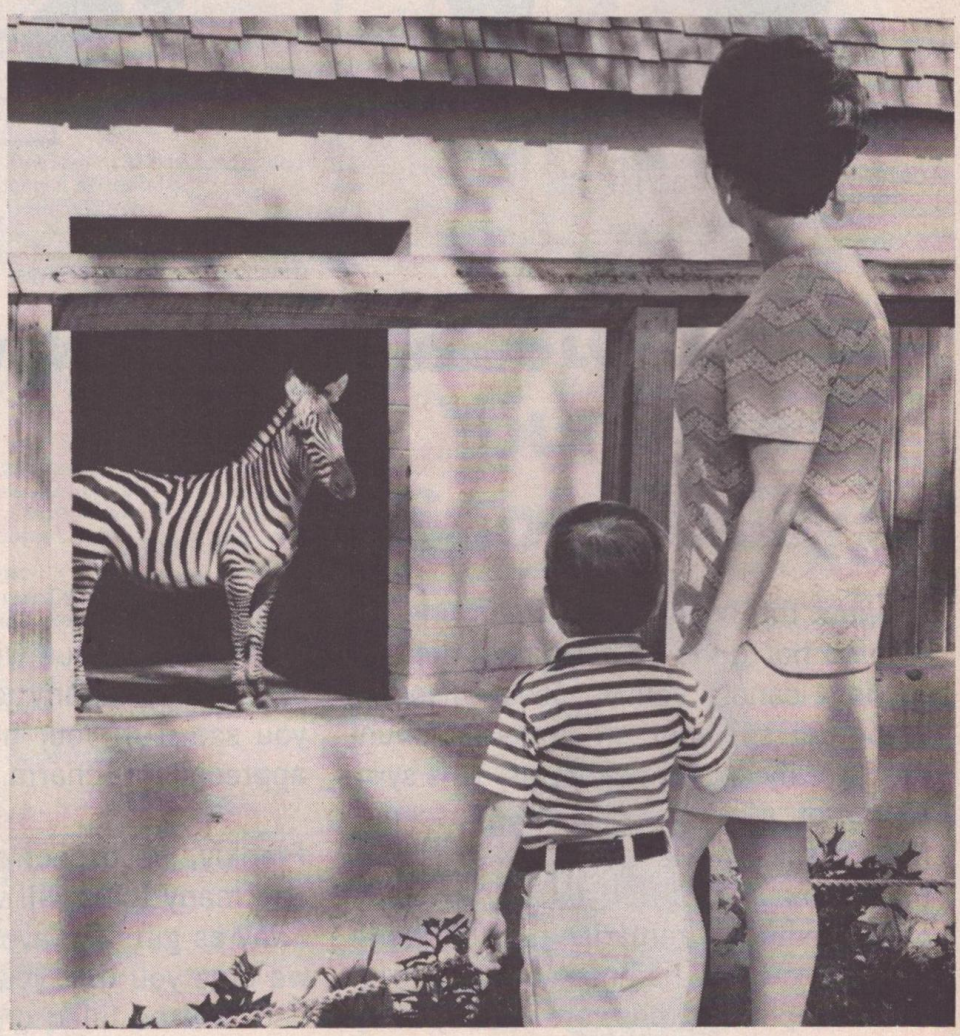
Detroit, Mich.

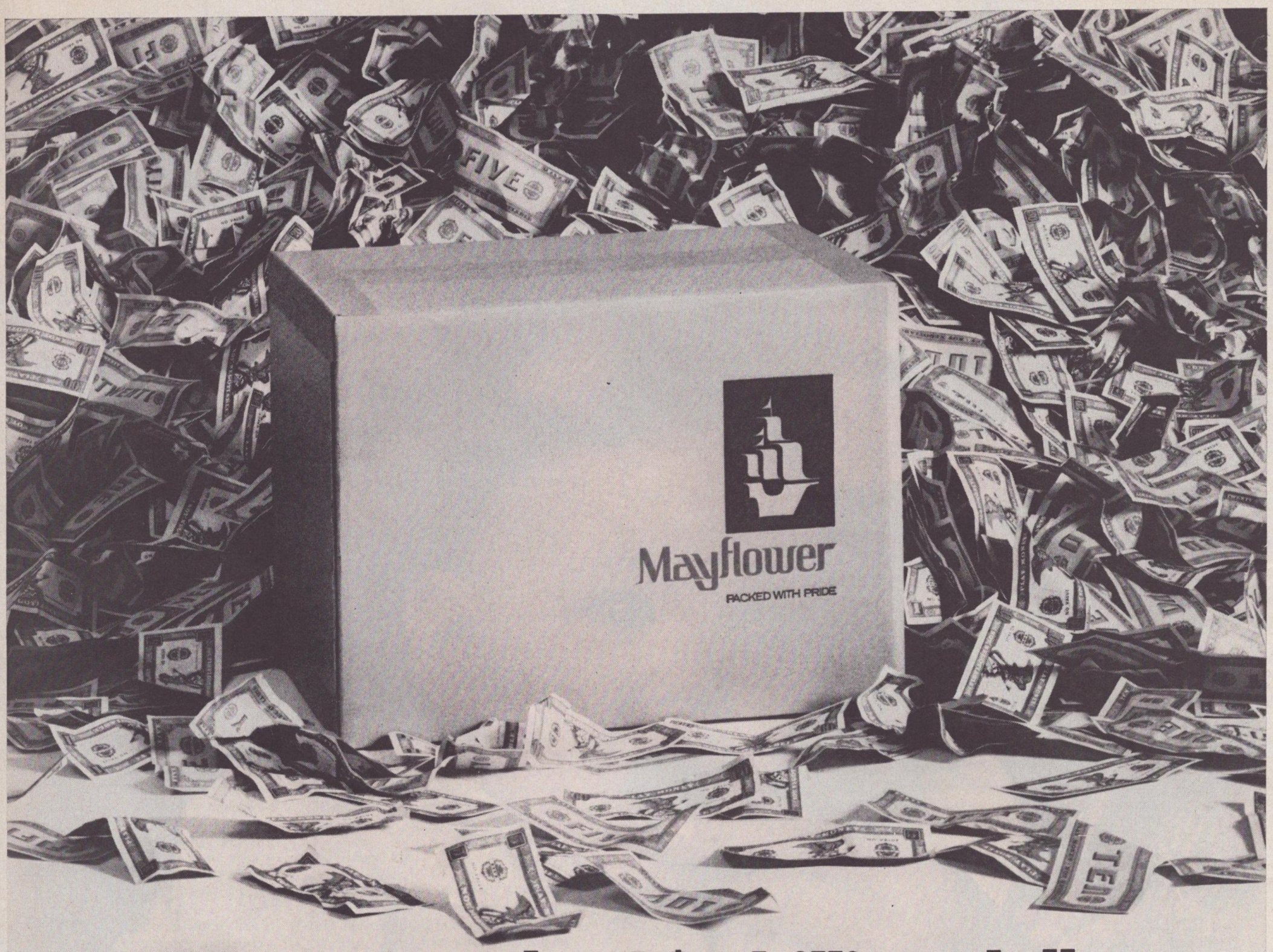


Sirs: Covering the opening of the Monroe zoo for the local paper, I came upon this pair of stripers diffidently eyeing each other.

Jon Mask

Monroe, La.





Suppose you had $2 billion dollars. Now suppose you had to move it someplace.

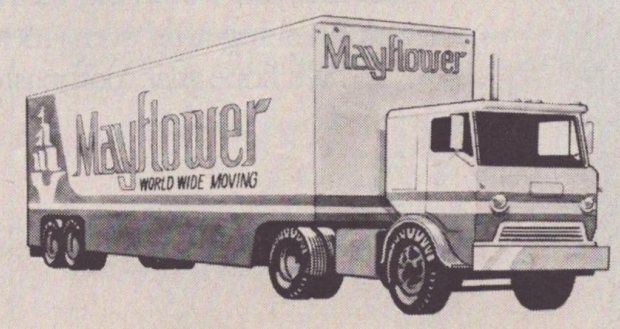
The problem might keep you up a night or two, thinking. But it's really not as tough as it sounds. You'd simply have the money packed into boxes, and you'd call Mayflower to do the job for you.

That's what a bank in a major metropolitan city did. They called Mayflower when they were ready to move into their new headquarters.

And if you're wondering just how much $2 billion dollars in cash and negotiable securities really is, consider this: It totally filled three of Mayflower's largest vans.

Mayflower has a reputation for security. And care. For 45 years, in fact.

And when you have to move, Mayflower will give you this same kind of careful planning. Because next to you, Mayflower cares most about your things.



AERO MAYFLOWER TRANSIT CO., INC., INDIANAPOLIS

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If you don't take care of this tooth, the permanent one might not be so cute.

Somehow, a lot of people figure it doesn't really matter if a "baby tooth" gets a cavity. After all, it's just a little temporary tooth.

But it really does matter. First, the tooth is so small, a cavity in it can be a big problem. So, the tooth might have to be pulled.

Then, the space left by the pulled tooth can cause bad spacing of the permanent teeth which can affect anything from your child's bite to his appearance.

So it makes sense to take care of those first little teeth just like you would big teeth. With the right foods, regular checkups, and brushing after every meal with a good toothpaste.

We hope that toothpaste will be Crest.

"Crest has been shown to be an effective decay-preventive dentifrice that can be of significant value when used in a conscientiously applied program of oral hygiene and regular professional care." Council on Dental Therapeutics, American Dental Association.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

EDITORIAL

Sirs: As you well know, we are presently in the midst of a very complicated and difficult postal rate proceeding before the newly created and independent Postal Rate Commission. I think it is unfortunate that you have apparently decided to try this rate case in the pages of your magazine ("A Serious Threat to Magazines," Aug. 20).

You have discussed the proposed postage increases in terms of percentage, but percentage increases are merely a function of the base postage from which the increase is measured. Your base happens to be extremely low—approximately 2.2¢ per copy—so it is inevitable that any reasonable increase may be described as a very high percentage. The fact is that your magazine has for many years benefited from very substantial subsidies granted to periodicals by the Congress of the United States. But the recent Postal Reorganization Act reflected a deliberate policy decision by Congress to eliminate that subsidy for commercial periodicals. The inevitable consequence of the congressional decision is a substantial increase in postal rates.

You indicate a willingness to pay your out-of-pocket costs plus a "modest" contribution to our overhead. It is obvious that your present rate of 2.2¢ cannot possibly compensate the Postal Service for transporting your magazine and distributing it to your millions of readers every week. Your suggestion of a 60% increase *over five years* would still bring your average postage up to no more than about 3½¢ per copy at the end of that time. This would compare with a rate *today* of 8¢ per piece for first-class mail. Actually, we estimate your out-of-pocket costs at approximately 4.4¢ per copy, about the same as such costs per piece of first-class mail.

Our proposed increase sounds like a very large one when expressed in terms of percentages. But under our proposal the total price for distributing your magazine throughout the length and breadth of this country would still be only about 6¢ per copy—and then not until the fifth year. Your pessimistic estimate of your ability to bear our postage increase, or to pass it on to your subscribers and advertisers, is certainly not shared by a number of independent appraisers of the magazine industry.

WINTON M. BLOUNT
Postmaster General
Washington, D.C.

We believe that the size of Postmaster General Blount's proposed increase raises questions fundamental to the future of the magazine press. While Time Inc. is submitting its position formally to the Postal Rate Commission, it also intends to continue informing its readers of the matters at stake.

Time Inc. and Mr. Blount are not at odds over the principle that each class of mail should pay the costs directly attributable to it, plus a reasonable share of the general overhead. But the postal service has never satisfied either Congress or the users of the mail that it has adequate accurate information on which to base its allocation of costs. Of course, as Mr. Blount points out, a large increase imposed on a low base results in a steep percentage rise, but we have not confined our argument to percentages. Last year Time Inc.'s second-class mail bill was $15.4 million. That may seem a small base to the post office, but the fact remains that the 176% increase proposed by the post office would bring our second-class postal costs to $42.5 million, or nearly four times more than we earned from our magazines in 1970. Whatever Mr. Blount's "independent appraisers" may tell him, we are convinced that we cannot simply pass along this increase to our subscribers or advertisers. Moreover Mr. Blount's argument fails to reckon with a principle consistently recognized by Congress: the postal service is primarily a public service, designed to serve recipients *and not just users. This high-cost operation would have to exist "throughout the length and breadth of this country" for first-class mail, even if there were no other categories.*—ED.

Sirs: It seems to me that the hallmark of this great society is that of communication. Our advancements in every area of scientific and/or humanistic endeavor lie in the ability of quick and accurate dissemination of ideas, issues and facts. Surely our leaders in government should be wise enough to ascertain the eventual serious harm that would ensue if *good* magazines, such as LIFE, would be snuffed out like a match flame due to an unjust increase in mail rates.

ALAN H. GLICK
Baltimore, Md.

Sirs: I am not skilled with words and have never attempted to write to an editor of a magazine of the caliber of LIFE. Now my reluctance is overcome by my deep concern about the fate of publications which are in the main distributed through the mails. I am a middle-aged housewife. My entire formal education spans a mere five years in a rural school. Whatever knowledge I possess beyond the experiences of a rural childhood and adulthood spent as a housewife on a ranch, I have obtained from books and magazines. I love books. However, because they have been more within my reach, magazines more than any other medium have opened doors to knowledge and pushed back the horizons of my world.

RUTH M. CHILES
Denison, Tex.

Sirs: I would much rather pay a fair price, and that includes a reasonable profit to the publisher and the postal system, for the magazines and newspapers I enjoy reading than to continue subsidizing, without any choice at all, the publishing industry as a whole!

WILLIAM P. BRUENING
St. Louis, Mo.

Sirs: Though a Social Security retiree, I have not forfeited rights to a few elementary pleasures. The scheduled delivery of periodicals is anticipated joy. If costs soar beyond my limited budget, periodicals must be dropped.

MARGARET BURTON
Salt Lake City, Utah

PRINCESS ANNE

Sirs: As a British subject visiting your country, I must commend your simple, unostentatious color essay "Princess Anne at 21" (Aug. 20). What usually is printed in U.S. magazines when a royal milestone occurs is a ponderous and lengthy dissertation on the future of monarchy. LIFE avoided the temptation to preach, and I applaud you. God save the Queen, I say, and God save Princess Anne, our most beautiful asset.

DONALD FARNBOROUGH
St. Louis, Mo.

Sirs: This was the most beautiful picture of a beautiful young woman that I have seen on the cover of any magazine in a long time.

DONALD D. DE COLA
Chicago, Ill.

CAR BUMPERS

Sirs: We were gratified to see your story on our energy-absorbing water-filled vinyl bumpers ("A Sudden Burst of Bumper Making," Aug. 13). However, we feel that you should have given credit to the sole manufacturer, Energy Absorption Systems, Inc., instead of Hydro-Cell Ltd., which is just one of our many distributors.

PHILIP E. ROLLHAUS JR.
Chairman of the Board
Energy Absorption Systems, Inc.
Chicago, Ill.

FILM RATINGS

Sirs: LIFE's brutal whipping of the voluntary film rating program ("Film Ratings Flunk Out," Aug. 20) was grossly unfair and shortsighted. The rating system is neither radical nor rigid, but a moderate enterprise with one objective and only one: to give information to parents about films, so parents can make decisions about their children's movie-going. That is all it strives to do, and all it should do. Ratings are for parents and their children.

The rating system is based on the rationale that film makers ought to have the right, like writers, painters and even politicians, to say what they choose. But it also acknowledges that this freedom will be tempered by a cautious and serious regard for children. In America adults are free to make their own choices; thus if you are 17 or over, the rating system has no bearing on your personal decision to see a movie or not. But we believe that since parents must instruct their children in proper values and must be the arbiters, stern or otherwise, of their children's conduct, the rating system can be an important aid to them. It is not, of course, a substitute parent.

Since Nov. 1, 1968, 1,302 films have been rated. Less than 2% of these ratings have come under critical attack. Perhaps some were bad calls. The members of the rating board are not divinely inspired paragons. But they are people of integrity and they respect their responsibility to parents. In a field where controversy is inevitable they are doing their best to make fair and accurate judgments.

JACK VALENTI
President
Motion Picture Association
New York, N.Y.

Sirs: I agree with Thomas Thompson. Two ratings, one for families and one for adult audiences, would definitely help the confusion and cheating with the present G, GP, R and X system. I am 16 years old and know that what Mr. Thompson says couldn't be more true. If you've got the money, you can usually see the movie, regardless of the rating.

LYNN PERRI
Columbia, S.C.

BOOK REVIEW

Sirs: What a stroke of good sense and fortune for the editors to solicit the eminent thinker, Lord Snow, to review Ronald Clark's biography, *Einstein* ("Two Aspects of Science's Giant," Aug. 20). The result is more than a simple review; it is a stunning essay—brilliant, searching and wise.

CARL COLODNE
Far Rockaway, N.Y.

SHEEPMEN VS. EAGLES

Sirs: I used to think the greatest people left on this earth were westerners. After reading about the disgusting slaughter of eagles ("Slaughter in the Sky," Aug. 20), I have asked myself in utter bewilderment: How goddamn square can I get?

THOMAS O. DAVIS
Waynesboro, Miss.

Sirs: So the sheep rancher must retaliate against all possible predators. Well, I shall retaliate against the sheep ranchers. From now on I will not buy lamb products in the grocery store, nor wool products in the clothing stores.

MRS. E. G. RICKETTS
Houston, Tex.

Sirs: Just want to express my appreciation for the publication of two poignant reports on the plight of animals, "Close in Among the Elephants" (Aug. 6) and "Sheepmen vs. Eagles." It is only through such public reports that their plight will be relieved. Public exposition has a way of pricking the smuggest consciences and uniting efforts for improvement.

KAY E. TIDWELL
Blue Ridge, Ga.

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VOL. 71, NO. 11
LIFE
SEPTEMBER 10, 1971

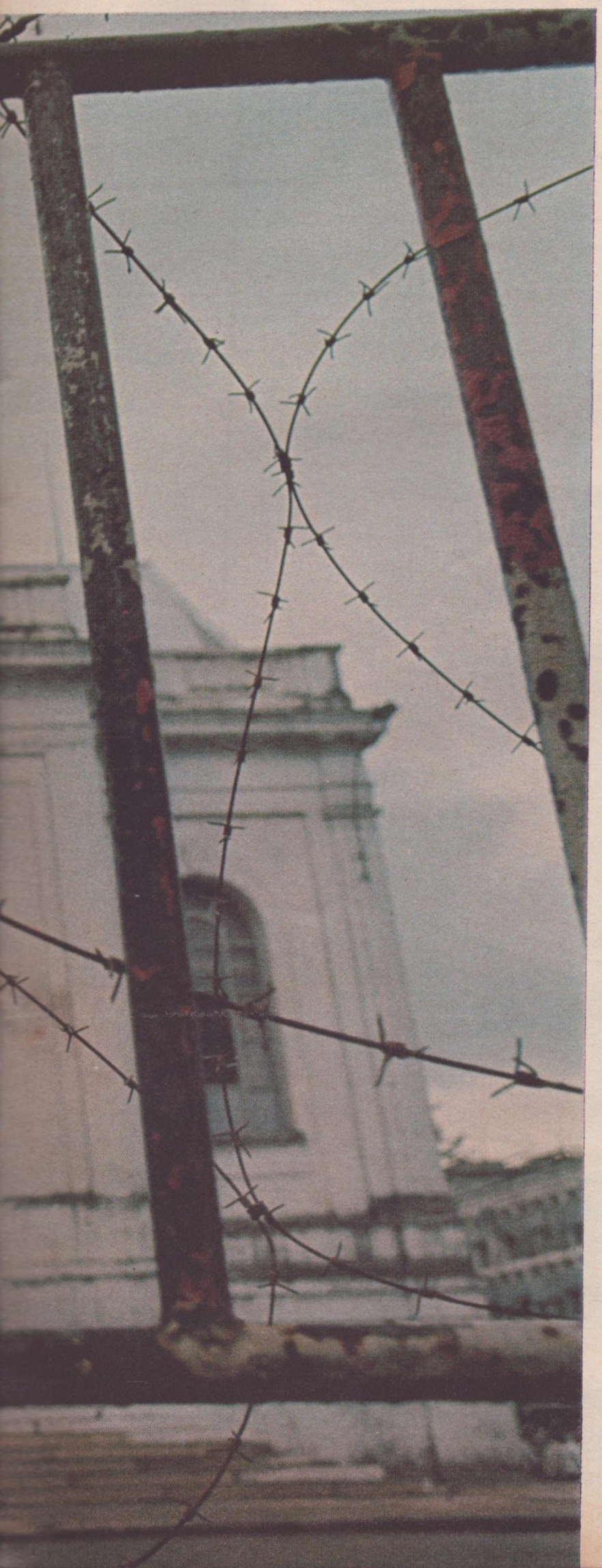
Choosing the house is a preliminary to

Election time in

Thieu's walkaway

Saigon

The preliminaries to the depressing main event went off on schedule in South Vietnam last week. But the atmosphere—barbed wire in the streets, curfews, special police and troops everywhere in evidence—could not have afforded any comfort to U.S. officials. With the presidential election barely a month away, and the "race" down to one candidate in spite of efforts by everybody from Ambassador Bunker to President Nixon, more than five million South Vietnamese voters chose 159 members of their house of representatives. There was little election-day violence and few disorders, but where there had been contests, the campaign had often been bitter. Charges of rigging and intimidation against President Nguyen Van Thieu's regime were loudly made by many opposition candidates. Although Thieu easily held onto a majority in the house, the opposition cut into his strength, capturing a third of the seats. One significant development was the strength shown by the An Quang Buddhist faction, an antiwar, antigovernment group which boycotted the first assembly elections four years ago. This time they trebled their numbers. As a group, incumbent candidates who professed loyalty to Thieu took the worst beating at the polls: only 20 of 100 were returned to the house by the voters. But in the executive mansion, the biggest incumbent of them all was losing no sleep over his prospects in the election next month. That problem (see Editorial, page 32) had already been taken care of.



As security tightened in the days before the election, the approach to the National Assembly building was guarded by a temporary barrier, heavy chains and barbed wire.

Campaign posters for house candidates were unceremoniously draped over the gun barrel and base of a downtown Saigon statue honoring the South Vietnam soldiers.

A member of the regular palace guard, assisted by reinforcements from the National Police, keeps watch over the Saigon residence of President Nguyen Van Thieu.

Two men who didn't make it

Stoned, spat on, pelted with eggs, publisher Ngo Cong Duc ran for reelection to the lower house. Having lost, he has reason to fear that he will soon find himself in jail.

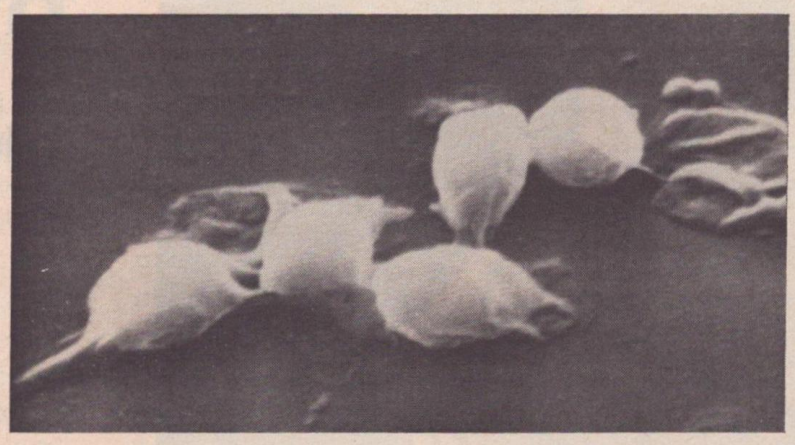
The rough reality of what passes for the democratic process in South Vietnam could be seen in the campaigns of the two men shown here. Ngo Cong Duc, publisher of the second largest newspaper in South Vietnam, was running for reelection to the lower house from the province of Vinhbinh. A critic of the Thieu government and of the U.S. presence, Duc—who is also Catholic, anti-Communist and antiwar—traveled to Paris last year to present his own plan for withdrawing American troops and establishing a provisional neutralist government. On his return to Saigon, he was denied future exit visas. During the campaign, Duc's workers were harassed, and his presses in Saigon were sabotaged. He was finally arrested for punching an opponent who had spit beer on him. Released by demand of his fellow house members, Duc continued his campaign, charging that the election was rigged. Newspapermen and American diplomats at the scene remarked on the flagrancy of electoral abuses. The opposition charged that polling places in Vinhbinh were set up outside of villages instead of in them, and that threats and bribes were rampant. Duc was defeated.

An even more vociferously anti-American candidate for the house, Tran Tuan Nham, shown lying dazedly in the back of a police jeep at right, was arrested in Saigon for staging an illegal demonstration. Nham's campaign posters portrayed President Nixon with a Hitler-style moustache and probably triggered the action against him. He was let go in time to witness his defeat in the election, but he now faces a military trial for disturbing the national security.

Candidate Tran Tuan Nham is hauled off to a Saigon jail for holding an "unauthorized" street demonstration. With his loss, he is in real trouble, facing a military trial.

Campbell's
Chicken Vegetable
SOUP

The canned menace called botulism



Looking deceptively mouselike, the common botulin spores, magnified 12,000 times in the picture at left, are odorless, tasteless and harmless—until they start to germinate in an airless environment. A technician (below) at the Campbell lab in Camden, N.J. prepares soup samples for botulin bacteria tests.

In the heat of summer, the rare poison called botulin was suddenly a household fear. First, a New York banker died 28 hours after eating a can of Bon Vivant vichyssoise soup for dinner. Then in mid-August the Campbell Soup Company discovered the botulin toxin in a few cans of chicken vegetable soup that had been packed at its plant in Paris, Tex. When the contamination was discovered by Campbell during a routine check for nontoxic spoilage, the company reacted with exemplary candor and speed. The finding was immediately made public. W. B. Murphy, the soup company's president, ordered his salesmen to call on some 53,000 stores in an effort to reclaim the 230,000 suspect cans. Within a week they had recovered 85.1% and not a single case of poisoning had been reported. But no sooner had that been done than Campbell had to issue another recall order, this time for 50,000 cans of vegetarian vegetable soup, also from its Texas plant and also possibly containing botulin. The poison is absolutely preventable by proper processing (neither Bon Vivant nor Campbell had ever before had an instance of it), but both factory methods and federal inspection procedures have now been called into question. Some questions and answers about the deadly poison are presented on pages 30 and 31.

After botulin was discovered, Campbell Soup President W. B. Murphy went to the tasting kitchen with his technical adviser, Dr. Arnold Denton (far left), and took a taste (left) of another batch of chicken vegetable soup.

A family business is wrecked by the poison

Andrew and Maria Paretti stand disconsolate outside their factory. "I never was suspicious before," she says, "but now if somebody smiles, I wonder what they really think."

Haunting, empty 300-gallon soup kettles surround the Parettis in their shut-down factory. "To me," says Andrew Paretti, "my whole world just collapsed, complete and total."

by JANE HOWARD

The Bon Vivant factory in Newark, N.J. used to be what you'd call a happy shop, painted a cheerful blue and white, fragrant with whatever flavor was being brewed in its 12 giant kettles. Its 40 employees had 11 paid holidays a year, liberal benefits and extra amenities like welcome-home parties for boys back from Vietnam, or retirement dinners for men who'd worked there 30 or 40 years. Soup was served.

Today Bon Vivant is a ghostly and cavernous place. Silence and a musty smell pervade its 40,000 square feet. All but three of its employees have disappeared, mostly in search of new jobs. They had hoped for a while that business would resume, but things don't look so promising. Now the only people around are Andrew Paretti, Bon Vivant's 47-year-old president, his wife Maria (who is also the great-granddaughter of the firm's founder) and another man who stays on to answer the one phone line that hasn't been disconnected.

Before July 1 there were 20 lines, over one of which, at 2 p.m. that day, came the monstrous news. A can of cream vichyssoise, known in shoptalk as "vichy" (the best seller among the firm's 90 products marketed under 20 labels), had been found to contain botulin. That can, eaten the evening of June 29, had fatally poisoned a Bedford Village, N.Y. banker and paralyzed his wife. On its lid was stamped "V-141," which meant vichyssoise made May 21, the 141st day of this year.

Bon Vivant shut down voluntarily on July 1, with 500 cases of consommé madrilene waiting to be shipped. The madrilene is still waiting. Government inspectors found four more cans of V-141 that contained botulin. They also discovered what they said was evidence of "a very high percentage of abnormal cans of food" constituting "a potential hazard to the public health." They urged the total recall and later ordered the seizure of all 1¼ million Bon Vivant cans in circulation. The Parettis are bankrupt, grief-stricken, embittered, collecting unemployment checks, and in a state of lasting insomniac shock.

"I wake up so early I don't even want to look at the clock to know what time it is," Maria Paretti says. "When I do look, it's usually 3:30 a.m., and my brain churns in a sort of never-never land for two hours."

"But at least it's more peaceful now," says her husband. "Holy God, for a while it was like a Chinese fire drill around the plant, with all the FDA inspectors and everybody else."

"All we could think," says Maria Paretti, on whose office wall has long hung a framed copy of General MacArthur's "Duty, Honor, Country" speech at West Point, "is that these marvelous people from the government, whom we'd always made a point of going out of our way to support, had come to help us solve our horrendous problem. But now we wonder."

"The last thing we ever dreamed," Andrew Paretti says, "was that they'd want to put us out of business. But that's what happened after we had them here, and the press, and all the curious onlookers, and all three networks with their TV cameras."

Andy Paretti was accustomed to attention, but of a different sort. "I always thought," he says, "that I was a pillar of the community." His credentials, which fill a single-spaced typewritten page, support that claim: four boards of directors, four boards of trustees, a couple of dozen other super-responsible affiliations, president-elect of the National Association for Specialty Food Trade. Three times, in fact, he represented his industry "as a dollar-a-year man" at foreign trade fairs. "I don't think anyone could have been more active in this business," Paretti says.

He is also a captain in the ready reserve of the Civil Engineering Corps of the United States Navy. "Some of the most sincere letters we've had since this happened," he says, "have come from friends in the navy."

Only their three children, aged 18, 17 and 15, meant more to the Parettis than Bon Vivant. "Our vacations," Maria says, "were always business-related. Everything we did was always connected with our work. That's what makes it so hard for us now. The funny thing about us is we *love* to work.

"Andy used to joke about retiring at age 50, but he sure isn't ready to now. We really enjoyed our business. We had several offers to sell it—one would have been a real bonanza monetarily—but that's not what we wanted. We wanted to keep it small and personal. We liked it that way."

Around the factory, Maria was sometimes known as Michele Pilar, a name she chose herself. Under that byline she issued an occasional newsletter, *FOOD MOOD—Michele Pilar's Path of the Pampered Palate.* In it she would recommend novel uses, tested in her home ("I honestly do adore to cook," she says), for Bon Vivant's products.

Maria Paretti's great-grandfather, Hampden Moore, founded the business in 1863. The corporate genealogy, from Moore's time on, is distinctively matrilineal. Moore and his Italian wife sent their daughter to Europe to complete her education. She came back to New York with a civil engineer husband from Milan, named Anthony Casazza. Casazza took over the business and sired Maria Paretti's mother. That lady, true to family tradition, also studied abroad and there found her own Milanese civil engineer, one Francis Castelli, who never meant to (a) enter the food business or (b) move to America, but did both. In time, he too took over Bon Vivant. Maria, born in 1926, was his only child. Andy Paretti, the civil engineer *she* married, however, was a third-generation Italian-American, the son of a contractor who lived in the Bronx.

Francis Castelli, as his daughter remembers him, was "just about the most revered man in the food business. The only thing I'm glad about now is that he isn't here to know what's happened. My earliest memories are of him taking me to the factory to watch soup being made, the way we've taken our kids. He was the cosmopolitan, sophisticated type. Everybody always used to think he looked and sounded just like Charles Boyer.

"He used to go to the opera every Friday night of his life. Puccini was his favorite. I like Puccini too, but if I heard any one of his operas now I'd completely collapse. His music really picks you up and throws you against the wall.

"It has been like dying," says Maria of their life since the nightmare began two months ago, "except we're walking around. I don't think anyone can know how we feel. Grief is private, my mother used to say —keep your troubles to yourself because other people have their own problems. It took me a long time before I even felt like *seeing* anyone else. Even our close friends didn't know what to say to us, and we didn't know, either."

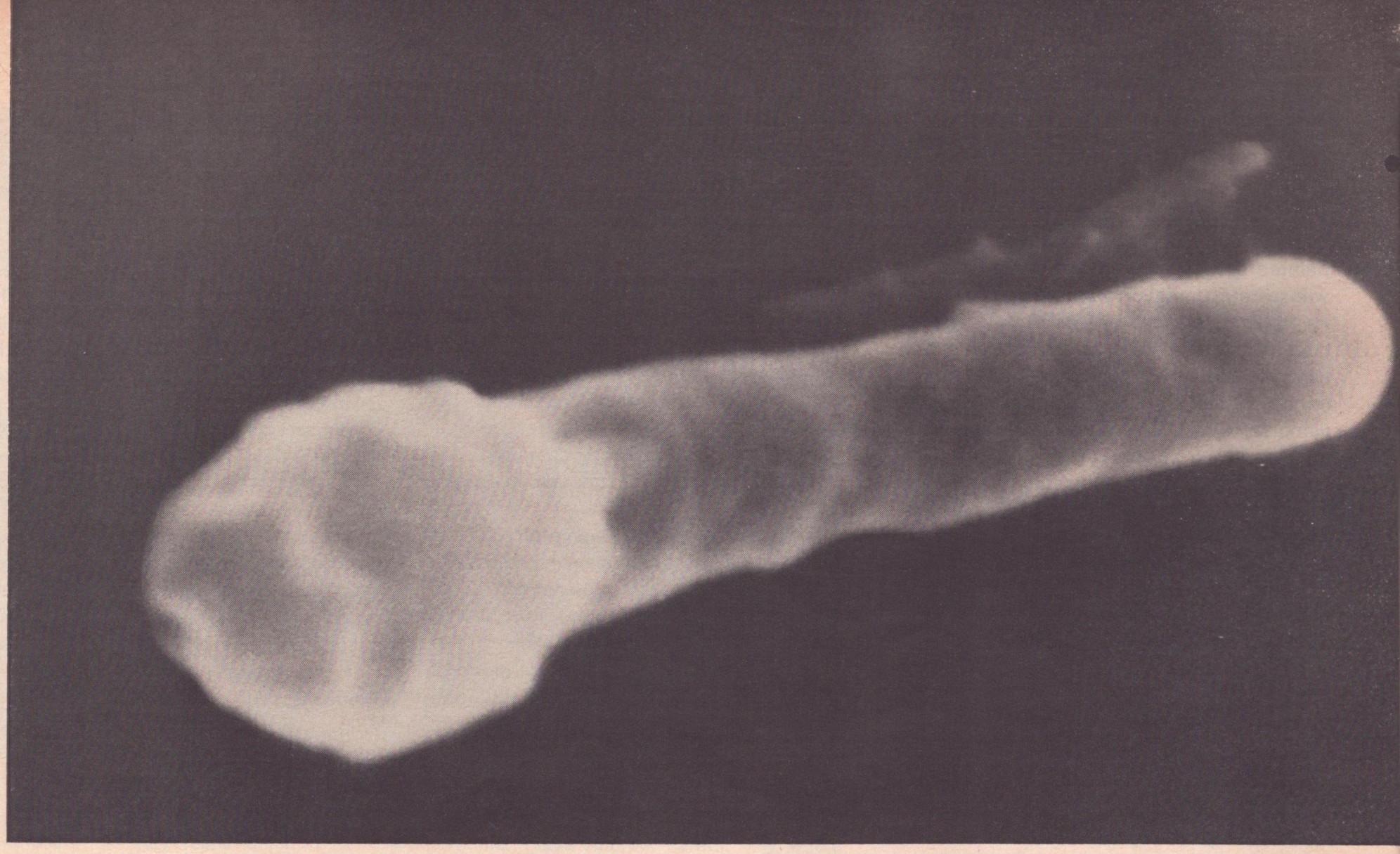
What disturbs the Paretti's most is the FDA's statement about Bon Vivant's "totally inadequate and incorrect manufacturing and record-keeping procedures." They are convinced—and hope to prove in court —that the tragic error was confined to five cans in the V-141 batch, and that the government showed undue, unjust haste in condemning all their products.

"In 108 years," Paretti says, "we've never had a single case of food poisoning brought against us, or one lawsuit filed. If everything they said about us were true, we'd have killed 100,000 people. All I can think, when I look at all those boxes of returned cans in our storage room, is of the millions of people starving in Pakistan."

"Once," says Maria, "I overheard somebody very big in the food business talking about my husband. I heard him say, 'Andy Paretti's the kind of man you'd want to be stuck with on a desert island, because Andy Paretti'd make sure you got off it.' "

But even Andy Paretti cannot easily extricate himself and his wife and their legacy from the agony of V-141. ■

CONTINUED 29



The bacterium that produces botulin poison in food is an elongated organism called *Clostridium botulinum*, here shown magnified about 90,000 times in a photograph made with an electron scanning microscope. Its spore is the bulbous swelling at left.

This is C. botulinum—and a list of simple precautions to follow

What is botulism? Botulism is not an infectious disease but a very rare form of poisoning. It is produced by a common microorganism, a rod-shaped bacterium called *Clostridium botulinum,* which is found everywhere in the soil. The spores produced by *C. botulinum* (photograph above) are themselves harmless: they can remain dormant in soil or on food for years. In fact, we ingest them all the time, on raw fruits and vegetables and on salads, and they pass innocuously through our digestive tracts. The trouble comes when the spores start to germinate. This can happen *only* in the absence of oxygen, in airtight environments—whether in home-canned foodstuffs or in commercially produced vacuum-sealed cans or plastic packages. When it germinates, *C. botulinum* produces botulin, a poison so potent that two glassfuls, it is estimated, could kill the entire population of the world. Not surprisingly, it is one of the seven agents recently revealed to be in the U.S. Army's arsenal of biological weapons, now being systematically destroyed at Pine Bluff, Ark. (LIFE, July 30).

What are the symptoms of botulism? Once ingested, the "bot" poison makes its way into the bloodstream and thence travels to the nervous system, where it blocks the transmission of impulses from nerve cells to muscles. Often the first sign of sickness is blurred or double vision. This usually occurs 18 to 36 hours after eating the tainted food. It is followed by difficulty in swallowing and in speaking clearly, by dizziness, headaches, vomiting and muscle paralysis. In about a third of the cases, the poisoning is fatal. Death, when it occurs, comes from paralysis of the respiratory system. An antitoxin does exist, but it should be given as soon as possible and is not always completely effective. In any case, botulism is a very difficult disease for physicians to diagnose, partly because it is so rare and partly because its symptoms are similar to those caused by strokes, brain tumors, polio and several other neurological diseases. (Botulism should not be confused with either staphylococcus or salmonella, the two more common forms of food poisoning. These come from spoiled foods such as custards and mayonnaise, chicken and egg products. They occur far more frequently than botulism but are seldom fatal.)

Is soup especially likely to develop botulism? No. The appearance of botulin in soups made by two different manufacturers within such a short period of time is sheer coincidence. In the past, botulin has been found in such diverse foodstuffs as green beans, corn, peppers, beets, mushrooms, stuffed eggplant, ripe olives, okra, figs, pears, tuna fish, chicken, chicken livers, ham, luncheon meat, liver pâté, lobster and smoked whitefish. Botulism was originally identified in sausage and gets its name from *botulus,* a Latin word for sausage.

Are some foods relatively safe from botulism? Yes. Botulin usually occurs *only* in foods that are sealed in cans, glass jars or plastic. The spores do not germinate at low temperatures; hence frozen foods are generally safe. Nor do the spores grow well in foods that are very acidic or have high concentrations of salt or sugar or in dry foods. Thus, botulin rarely affects tomatoes, peaches, cherries, honey, pickles and relishes, sauerkraut, soft drinks or beer, coffee, nuts or dehydrated soups.

Is home-canned food safer than commercial products? Definitely not. Home canning is far more dangerous. Botulin spores cannot be killed by ordinary boiling; they must be subjected to a temperature of 250°F, a heat that cannot be achieved without a pressure cooker. Even at this temperature the exact time required to kill the spores varies with the type of food, how densely it is packed, the size of the jar, and the number of jars being processed. Housewives should follow canning instructions very carefully.

What precautions should be taken when buying canned food? Do not buy a can that is swollen on the end (picture at upper right): the swelling might be caused by the action of harmless bacteria but it could be due to the gases produced by germinating *C. botulinum* spores. When you open a can, if the food squirts out under pressure like soda pop, throw it out *without tasting it.* People have died from eating one bad green bean or licking spoiled juice from a finger. You should also discard any food that looks or smells even slightly off. "When in doubt, throw it out," says an FDA microbiologist. "It's not worth risking your life to save 49¢." To be absolutely sure, you can heat the food. Although living botulin spores cannot be killed simply by boiling, the chemical poison they produce is readily destroyed by boiling for at least ten minutes.

Are open, half-used cans of food in the refrigerator dangerous? No. *C. botulinum* spores do not germinate in such cans or jars because they are exposed to the air. Acidic foods kept in cans, however, will sometimes develop a metallic taste, but this is generally not harmful.

Should I stop eating canned food? Of course not. You should take the common-sense precautions outlined above. But even if you don't, botulism is such a rare disease, and the canning industry is so strictly regulated, that the chance of your being killed by a bolt of lightning is 100 times greater than that of dying of botulism.

The top of the bad can in foreground, above, is slightly swollen due to pressure from gases inside, while normal cans at rear have indented tops. If food sprays out when a can is opened, as shown below at FDA's New York laboratories, the entire contents of the can should be discarded without tasting.

From the freeze to Phase 2

President Nixon's 90-day wage-price freeze shows all signs of being a going concern. The detailed follow-through, after some initial confusion, has been sensible and steadfast. The new Cost of Living Council has resisted exceptions sought by the Defense Department, the governor of Texas, and other potent groups. Interest rates have already come down a bit, and on Wall Street the Dow-Jones industrial average has come back partway from the slump that preceded the President's Aug. 15 television speech.

So far the public response has been impressively calm and good-tempered. Perhaps this only reflects a widespread recognition that something needed to be done. But when so much is heard about divisiveness in the country, the public readiness to go along with the emergency measures is in itself heartening. Organized labor has abandoned its initial bellicosity and decided to live with the freeze. President Leonard Woodcock of the United Auto Workers, who at first rumbled about "war" with the White House, has come around to the position that "for this 90-day period we will cooperate."

These sober second thoughts doubtless were prompted by sentiment percolating up from the rank and file. A poll by Albert E. Sindlinger in TIME shows that 74% of union members surveyed favor the freeze. A great majority of workers recognize the futility of the wage-price spiral—in which their true purchasing power has risen hardly at all since the late 1960s—and are willing to see a halt if everybody will comply. If between now and November the freeze produces tangible benefits for workers and their families, such as steady prices at the supermarket and the department store, the Nixon administration will have a better chance of enlisting labor's support for the harder part—the Phase 2 that comes after.

Already a healthy jockeying for advantageous position in Phase 2 is under way. Some sort of longer-range restraints are going to have to be worked out, and they must appear reasonably equitable to all parties. Some of the labor leaders' anger at the wage freeze and other aspects of Nixon's New Economic Policy is understandable, for the President's proposed tax concessions and other parts of his package were of more immediate benefit to business than to consumers and low-income groups.

The fair exchange for labor's cooperation in long-term wage restraints will probably be price as well as wage review boards for key industries. Holding down prices of course tends to hold down profits, but the most obvious way to "freeze" profits is by an excess profits tax, which didn't work well in World War II, and is hardly designed to bring on a necessary business expansion today. There will be plenty of business-labor maneuvering in Congress, which must approve a large part of the President's economic package. Congress will also be under pressure to "overshoot" the President's proposed tax cuts, in the words of Chairman Paul McCracken of the Council of Economic Advisers, and thereby add new inflationary pressures.

The long-term objective of Phase 2, of course, must be a return to a condition of sufficient price stability so that the controls will no longer be necessary. Treasury Secretary John Connally has said wistfully that "we are at the end of an era" in which we can rely completely on the natural workings of the marketplace, and that "American business and labor may have to get used to the idea of living within certain parameters." If Phases 1 and 2 work as they should, the U.S. ought to be able to remove most of those "parameters" within a year or so.

One is a crowd

Apparently it's to be a one-candidate presidential "election" in South Vietnam. This may cause more embarrassment in Washington than in Saigon.

The surprise may not be so great in Saigon. After all, in Asia as in much of the world, a freely contested election is a rare and special event. It surely wouldn't happen next door in Hanoi; or in Peking or Moscow or Eastern Europe; in most Arab countries, in much of Africa and Latin America. President Thieu's rigging of the election therefore is not an unfamiliar practice to his countrymen and has a lot of contemporary precedents. Nor can anyone much blame rival candidates General Duong Van Minh and Vice-President Ky for their unwillingness to make a loaded election look like a real one; President Thieu's closest rival in the last election is still in jail on charges of saying unpatriotic things.

But the Nixon administration had counted heavily on the Oct. 3 election in South Vietnam to prove how well Vietnamization and democracy are working. It's even quite likely that President Nixon stretched out his next troop withdrawal announcement until Nov. 15, so that he could use the election as the justification for a dramatically big troop pullout. Our war aims have now been scaled down to getting our prisoners back and assuring the South Vietnamese a "reasonable" chance to decide their own political destiny, even if this means that in time they might decide to go Communist. But now the South Vietnamese are not allowed even to choose among their own non-Communist leaders who might be the better man to run a war or make a peace. This big fact seriously negates last week's parliamentary elections in South Vietnam, where President Thieu's supporters won a majority, but a reduced one. At least the parliamentary candidates were vocal, and President Thieu has to reckon with increased opposition.

But all the efforts of Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker to persuade Big Minh or Ky to run for president or to urge President Thieu to allow a more genuine race got nowhere. Instead the ambassador's failure demonstrated how much American influence and leverage diminish as its troops leave. This places President Nixon, Dr. Kissinger and their speechwriters in something of an unhappy dilemma; having lost their showcase example of democracy in action, it should be interesting to see how President Nixon handles his next televised report on progress in South Vietnam.

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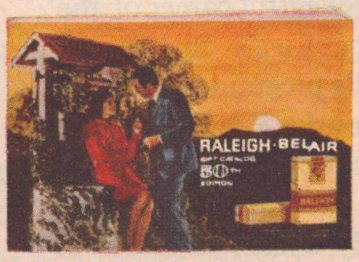

Filter Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '70

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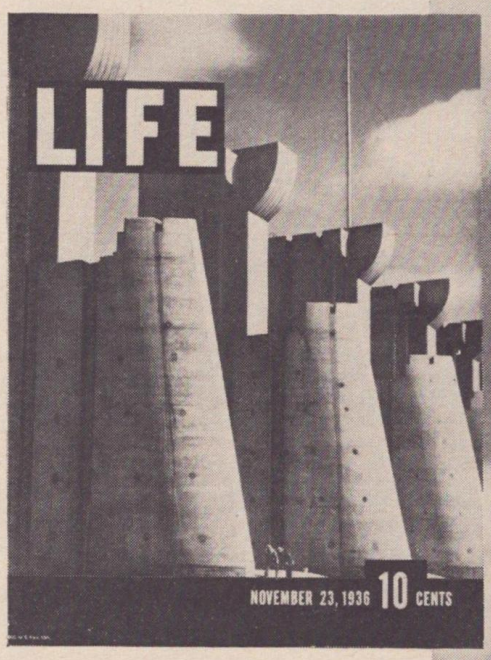


Miss Bourke-White's picture of the world's largest earth-filled dam, a relief project at Fort Peck in Montana, was on the cover of the first issue of LIFE in 1936.

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

Her pictures were her life. The five on the next two pages are mere glimpses of the eventful career of the staff photographer who shot LIFE's first cover (above) and became the world's preeminent woman photojournalist. Margaret Bourke-White was the first accredited woman war photographer, the only foreign photographer to film the Nazi invasion of Russia, the first woman to fly a combat mission. When the Allies liberated Buchenwald concentration camp, her pictures stunned the world. She interviewed Gandhi a few hours before he was assassinated. She photographed Roosevelt, Churchill, Eisenhower, Patton and Haile Selassie. She got a picture of Stalin when he was smiling. She recorded the faces of steel workers, South African miners, chain gang prisoners, GIs in Italy, small-town taxi dancers. Twenty years ago she asked for the then theoretical assignment to go to the moon. But a growing muscular ache, which she called "my mysterious malady," turned out to be Parkinson's disease. Long before the first moon shot, she had ceased taking pictures professionally. On Aug. 27 she died.

CONTINUED

(An informative advertisement and a free offer)

If you're thinking of buying a new car–buy it now.

If you'd like to become a smarter car buyer– send for this free book.

We listen.

And we know you know this is a smart time to buy a new car. For three very good reasons.

One, prices are frozen. New car prices will be based on 1971 levels until November 12. After that—no one really knows.

Two, the Federal Excise Tax on cars may be repealed. If Congress passes the President's proposal, the price of a new car will drop an average of about 200 dollars.

Three, this is the traditional time of year when Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealers offer clearance prices on the cars they have in stock.

But favorable though conditions may be to buying a car, selecting the right one can be tough. At present count, there are no less than 600 different models, and literally thousands of equipment combinations on the market.

For that reason, Ford Motor Company has written a 100-page book called, "Car Buying Made Easier."

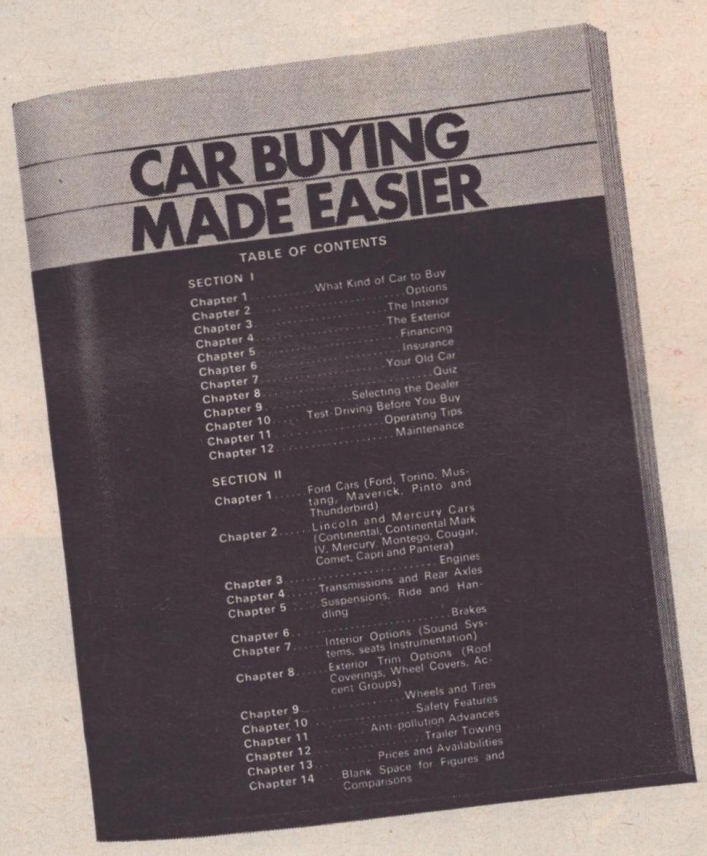
And if you plan to buy a new car in the year ahead, chances are you'll need it. Best of all, it's free.

THE BOOK NEEDED WRITING.
IS IT BIASED BECAUSE
FORD WROTE IT?

To a degree—yes.

As Ford Motor Company, we must confess a certain preference for our own products.

But to minimize the problem, we purposely divided the book into two sections. The first section of the book deals with cars in general, and the information it contains can be applied to Chevrolets, Plymouths and Gremlins, as well as Lincolns, Mercurys and Fords.


CAR BUYING MADE EASIER
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Chapter 2 Options
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Chapter 6 Insurance
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Chapter 14 Blank Space for Figures and Comparisons

SECTION I
How to buy the right car—
even if it isn't one of ours.

Part I of "Car Buying Made Easier" is devoted to helping you determine the right car for you.

It covers subjects like these:

- *Compacts vs. sub-compacts—what are the real differences?*
- *How to buy only as much engine as you really need. (The range includes everything from 98 cu. in. "fours" to 460-plus cu. in. V-8s.)*
- *What you should know about axle ratios. (The right one can improve gas mileage by as much as 25%.)*

And so it goes, page after informative page.

SECTION II
A guide to 1972
Ford Motor Company cars.

Part II is the "biased" part. It deals exclusively with Ford, Lincoln, and Mercury automobiles. It offers important facts, figures and specifications you need to know. We wrote it because, frankly, we want your business—and we figure a little information might just do the trick.

We have confidence in our products. We believe that if you become a smarter car buyer, we'll get our share of the business—and then some.

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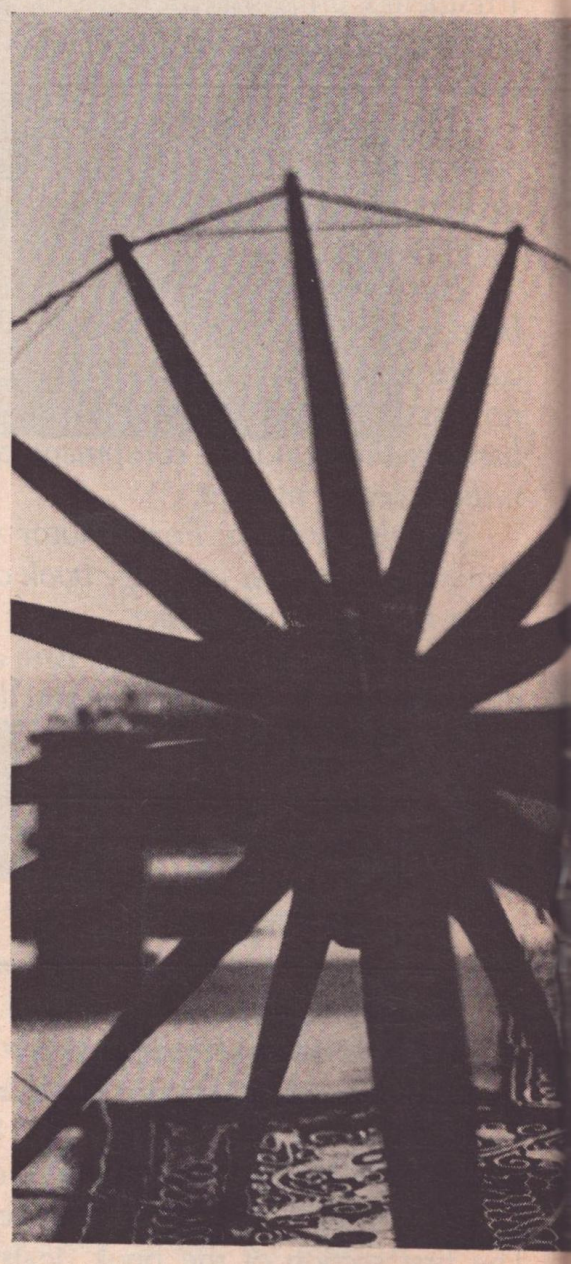
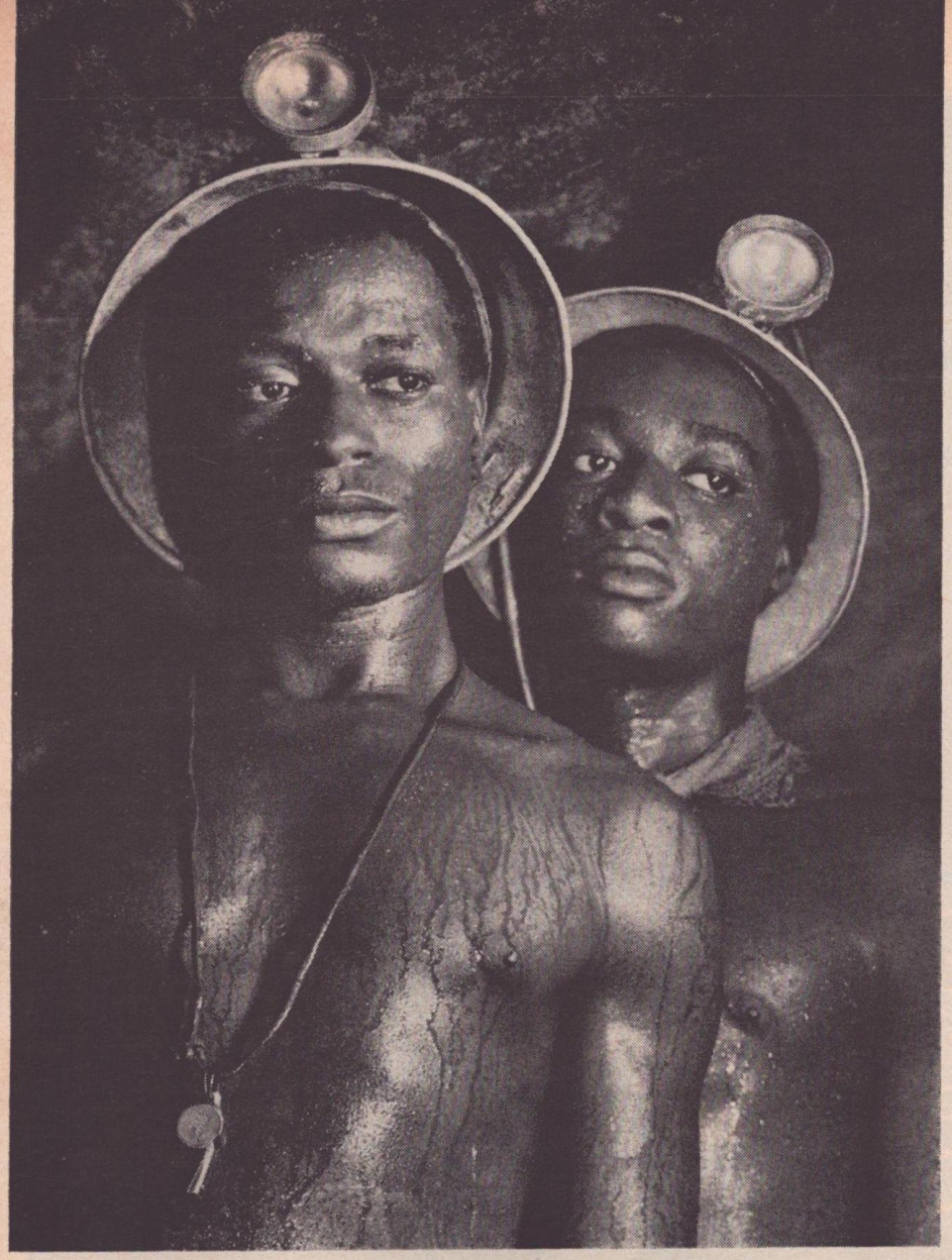
HER CAMERAS TOOK HER EVERYWHERE, FROM A BOOM TOWN TO THE DEPTHS OF THE EARTH

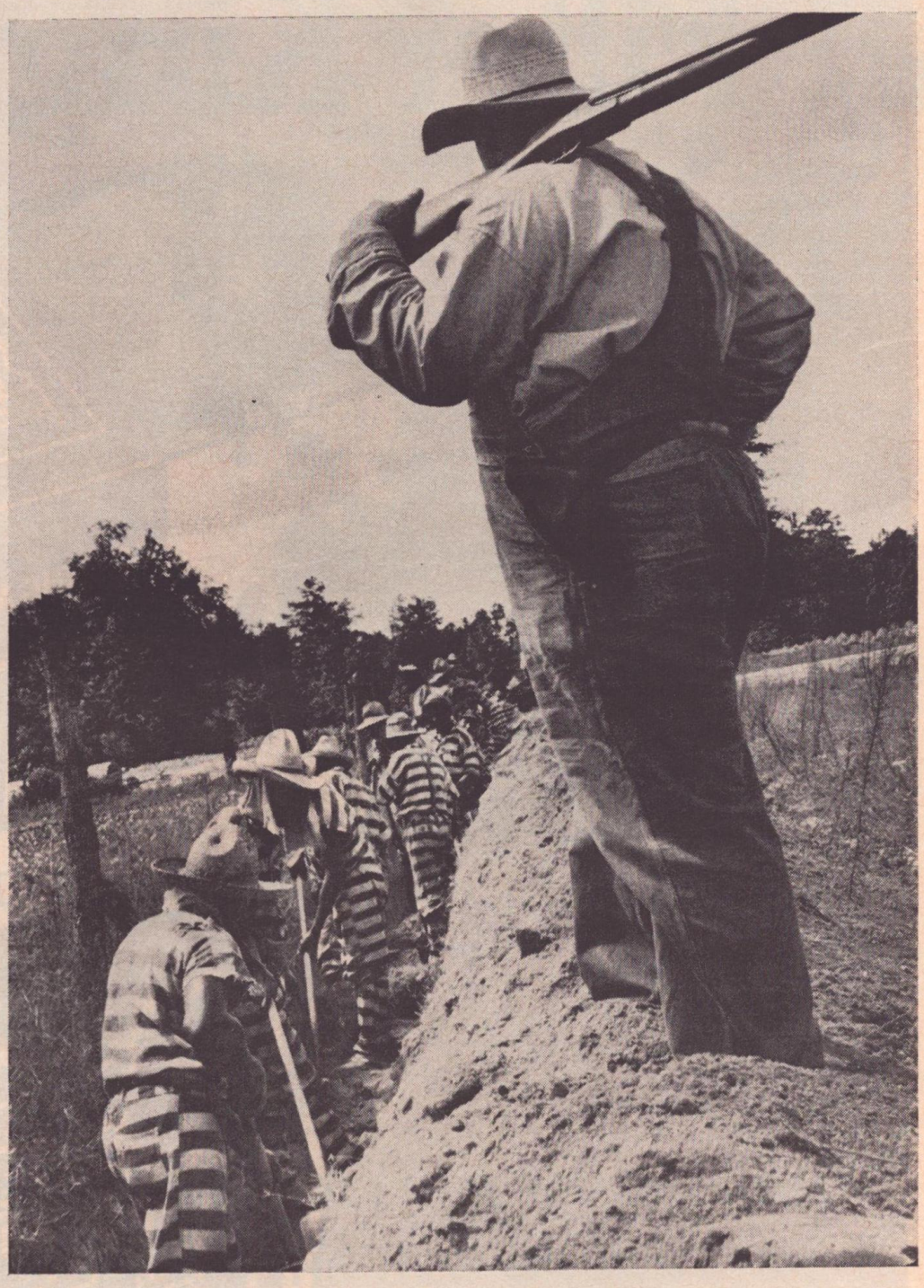
In LIFE's first photo essay, Bourke-White portrayed taxi dancers and their "fares" in towns near the Fort Peck Dam.

Entering Buchenwald with liberating troops in 1945, Bourke-White made this unforgettable picture of men beyond hope.

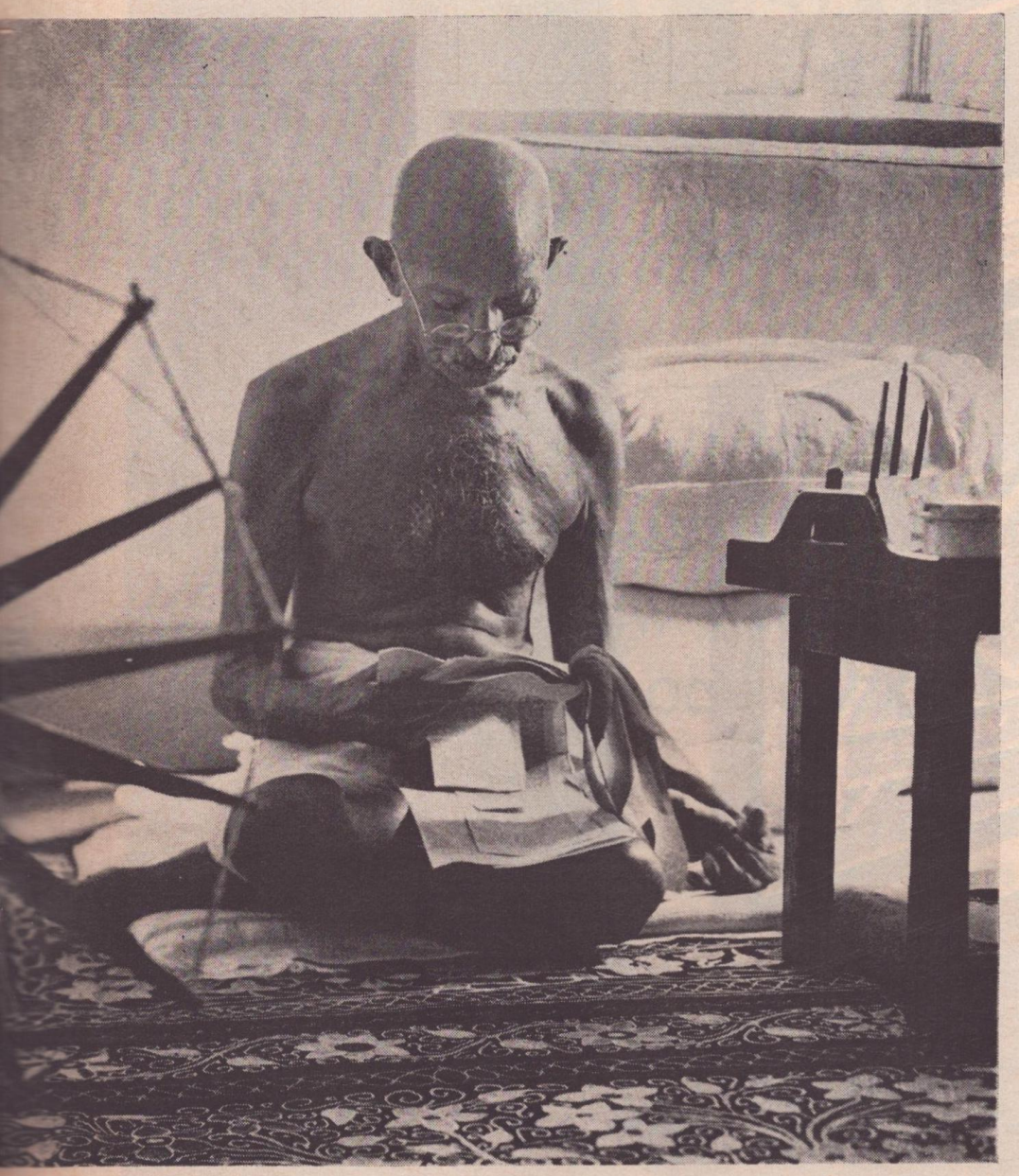




The photographer's favorite picture was this one, taken in 1950 in the terrible heat a mile down in a South African gold mine.



This scene of a Georgia chain gang at work under a guard's shotgun appeared in a 1937 book done with Erskine Caldwell.



With his famous spinning wheel in the foreground, Bourke-White photographed India's Mohandas K. Gandhi in 1946.

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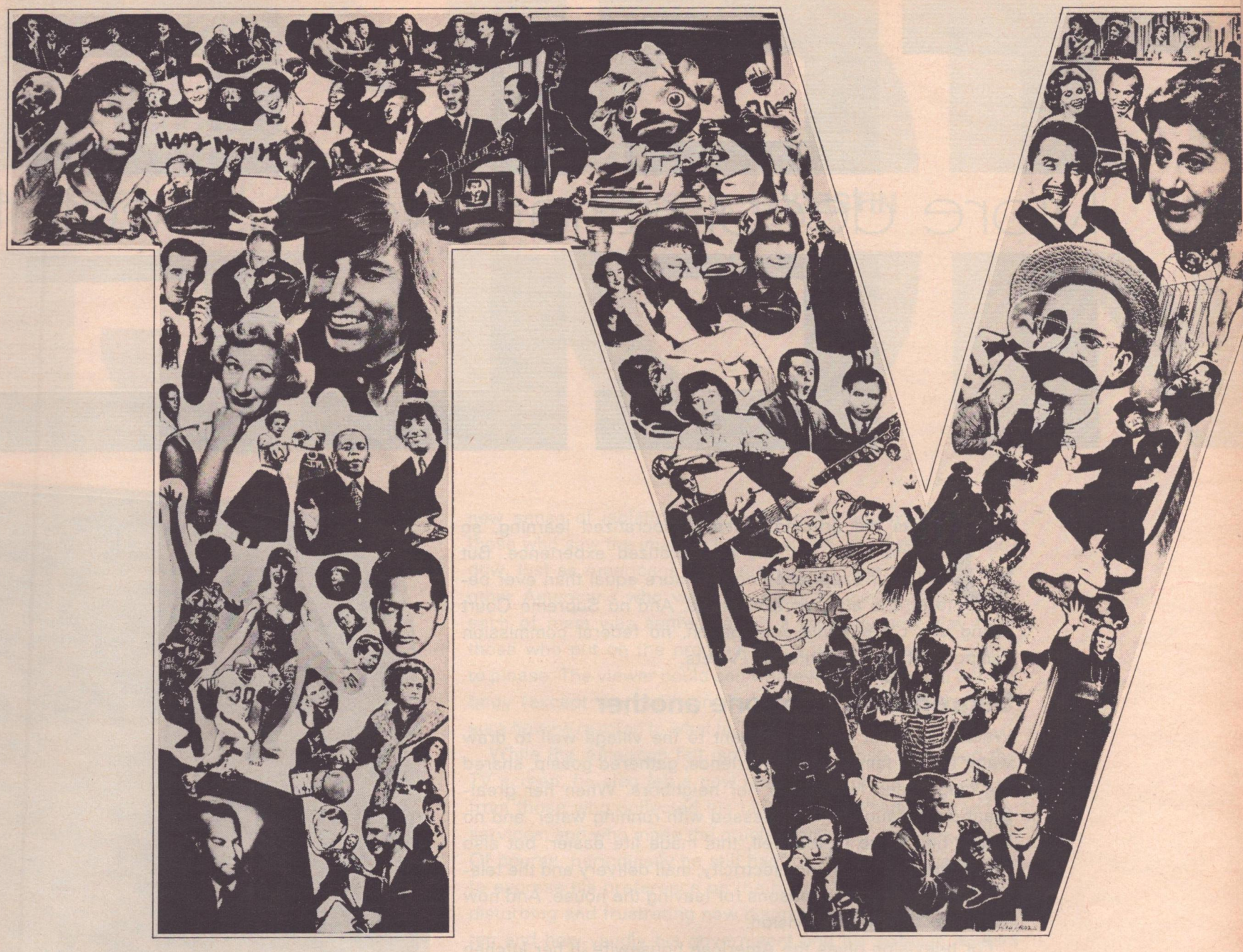


A Special Section

- **ITS IMPACT ON OUR WAY OF LIFE**
- **WHAT WE THINK OF WHAT WE WATCH: A HARRIS POLL**
- **HOW A NETWORK BOSS PICKS THE NEW SHOWS**
- **A LOOK BACK AT THE FIRST 25 YEARS**

Television has been with us for a quarter of a century. Experimentally, it began long before (for a report on the world's first TV star, see page 68), but in the past 25 years it has become a constant companion. Though we all use it and enjoy it and depend on it, few understand its full implications. "Our society is at the same point with TV now as city planning was with the automobile in 1925," says historian Daniel J. Boorstin, whose analysis of TV's real impact begins on the next page. This special section reports what TV has achieved, what viewers truly think of it, how the networks cope with programs, and why change in television and in our relationship to it is inevitable.

TELEVISION

More deeply than we suspect, it has

TELEVISION

Just as the printing press democratized learning, so the television set has democratized experience. But while our experience now is more equal than ever before, it is also more separate. And no Supreme Court ruling can correct this segregation, no federal commission can police it. It is built into our TV sets.

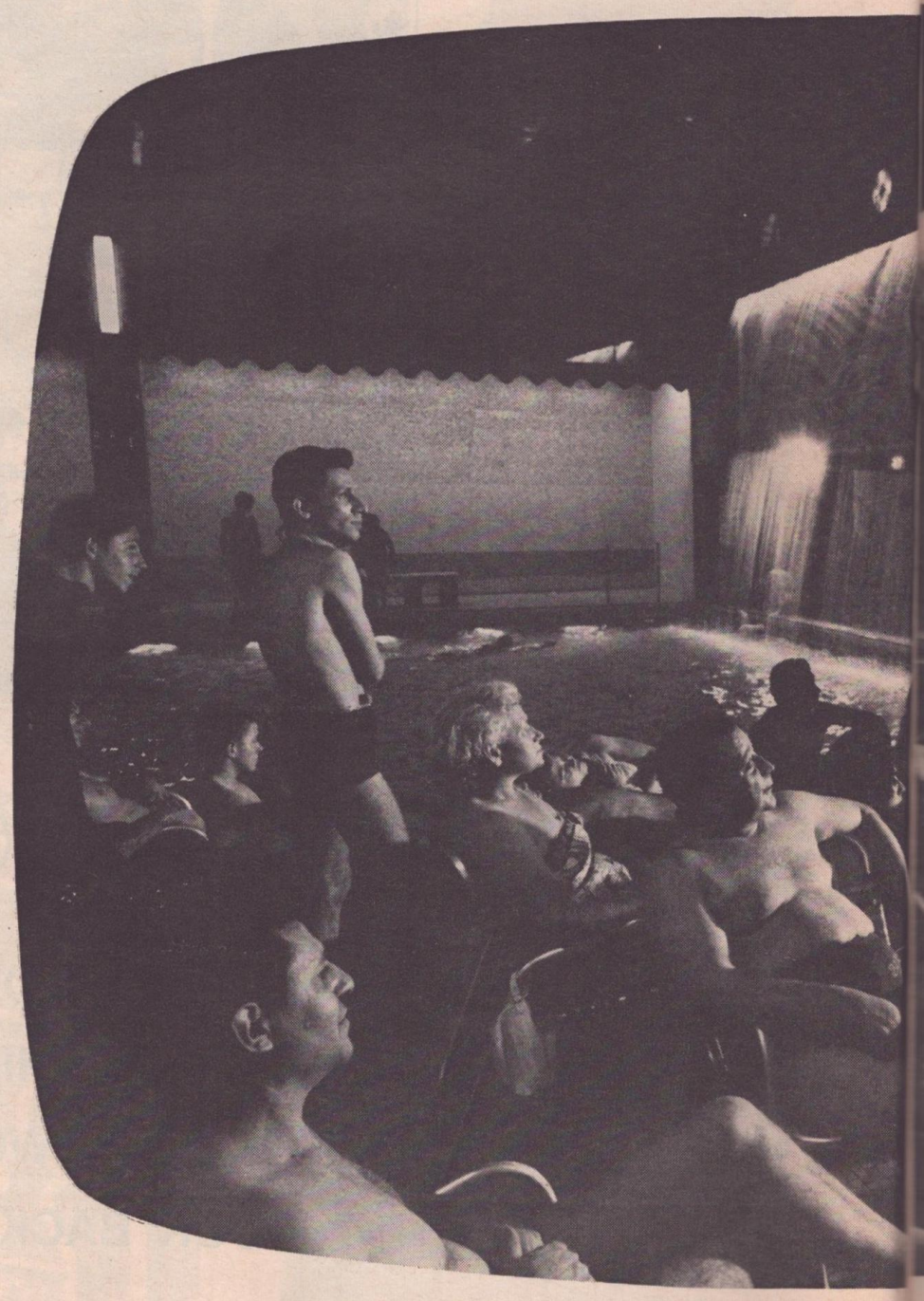
Segregation from one another

When a colonial housewife went to the village well to draw water for her family, she saw friends, gathered gossip, shared the laughs and laments of her neighbors. When her great-great-granddaughter was blessed with running water, and no longer had to go to the well, this made life easier, but also less interesting. Running electricity, mail delivery and the telephone removed more reasons for leaving the house. And now the climax of it all is Television.

For television gives the American housewife in her kitchen her own private theater, her window on the world. Every room with a set becomes a private room with a view—a TV booth. Television brings in a supply of information, knowledge, news, romance, and advertisements—without her having to set foot outside her door. The range and variety and vividness of these experiences of course excel anything she gets outside, even while she spends hours driving around in her automobile. At home she now has her own private faucet of hot and cold running images.

But always before, to see a performance was to share an experience with a visible audience. At a concert, or a ball game, or a political rally, the audience was half the fun. What and whom you saw in the audience was at least as interesting, and often humanly more important, than what you saw on the stage. While watching TV, the lonely American is thrust back on herself. She can, of course, exclaim or applaud or hiss, but nobody hears except the family in the living room. The other people at the performance take the invisible forms of "canned" laughter and applause.

And while myriad island audiences gather nightly around their sets, much as cave-dwelling ancestors gathered around the fire, for warmth and safety and a feeling of togetherness, now, with more and more two-TV families, a member of the family can actually withdraw and watch in complete privacy.



When sets were scarce, people watched in groups.

Segregation from the source

In the 1920s, in the early days of radio, "broadcast" entered the language with a new meaning. Before then it meant "to sow seeds over the whole surface, instead of in drills or rows," but now it meant to diffuse messages or images to unidentified people at unknown destinations. The mystery of the anonymous audience was what made sensible businessmen

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The author is director of the National Museum of History and Technology of the Smithsonian Institution. Among his books are The Americans: The Colonial Experience *and* The Americans: The National Experience. *This fall, ABC-TV will present* Getting There First: The American Experience, *a new MGM Monogram series based on Dr. Boorstin's interpretation of American civilization.*

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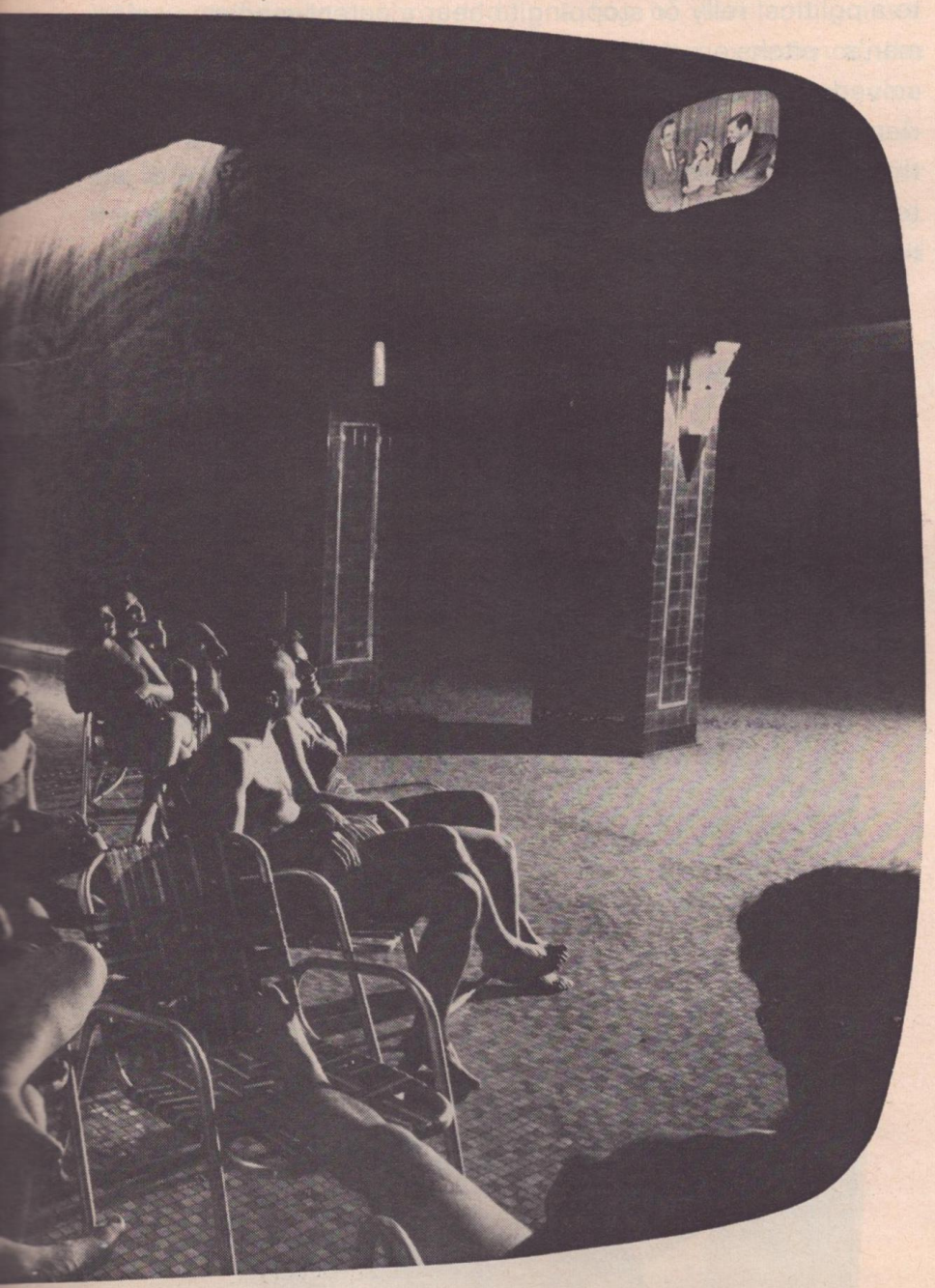
TELEVISION changed all of us

by DANIEL J. BOORSTIN



The TV drew customers to this Brooklyn pool

doubt whether radio would ever pay. They had seen the telegraph and the telephone prosper by delivering a message, composed by the sender, to a particular recipient. They thought the commercial future of radio might depend on devising ways to keep the radio message private so that it could be sent to only one specific person.

The essential novelty of wireless communication—that those who received "broadcast" messages were no longer addressees, but a vast mysterious audience—was destined, in the long run, to create unforeseen new opportunities and new problems for Americans in the age of television, to create a new sense of isolation and confinement and frustration for those who saw the images. For television was a one-way window. Just as Americans were segregated from the millions of other Americans who were watching the same program, so each of them was segregated in a fantastic new way from those who put on the program and who, presumably, aimed to please. The viewer could see whatever they offered, but nobody (except the family in the living room) could know for sure how he reacted to what he saw.

While the American felt isolated from those who filled the TV screen, he also felt a new isolation from his government, from those who collected his taxes, who provided his public services, and who made the crucial decisions of peace or war. Of course, periodically he still had the traditional opportunity to express his preference on the ballot. But now there was a disturbing and frustrating new disproportion between how often and how vividly his government and his political leaders could get their message to him and how often and how vividly he could get his to them. Even if elected representatives were no more inaccessible to him than they had ever been before, in a strange new way he surely felt more isolated from them. They could talk his ear off on TV and if he wanted to respond, all he could do was write them a letter. Except indirectly through the pollsters, Americans were offered no new modern avenue comparable to television by which to get their message back. They were left to rely on a venerable, almost obsolete 19th-century institution, the post office.

Segregation from the past

Of all the forces which have tempted us to lose our sense of history, none has been more potent than television. While, of course, television levels distance—puts us closer and more vividly present in Washington than we are in our state capital and takes us all instantly to the moon—it has had a less noticeable but equally potent effect on our sense of time. Because television enables us to be there, anywhere, instantly, precisely because it fills the instant present moment with experience so engrossing and overwhelming, it dulls our sense of the past. If it had not been possible for us all to accompany Scott and Irwin on their voyage of exploration on the moon, we would have had to wait to be engrossed in retrospect by the vivid chronicle of some Francis Parkman or Samuel Eliot Morison, and there would then have been no possible doubt that the moon journey was part of the stream of

CONTINUED

TCI

It segregates us from reality as well as from each other

CONTINUED

our history. But with television we saw that historic event —as we now see more and more of whatever goes on in our country—as only another vivid item in the present.

Almost everything about television tempts the medium to a time-myopia—to focus our interest on the here-and-now, the exciting, disturbing, inspiring, or catastrophic instantaneous now. Meanwhile, the high cost of network time and the need to offer something for everybody produce a discontinuity of programming, a constant shifting from one thing to another, an emphasis on the staccato and motley character of experience—at the cost of our sense of unity with the past.

But history is a flowing stream. We are held together by its continuities, by people willing to sit there and do their jobs, by the unspoken faiths of people who still believe much of what their fathers believed. That makes a dull program. So the American begins to think of the outside world as if there too the program changed every half hour.

Segregation from reality

Of all the miracles of television none is more remarkable than its power to give to so many hours of our experience a new vagueness. Americans have become increasingly accustomed to see something-or-other, happening somewhere-or-other, at sometime-or-other. The common-sense hallmarks of authentic first-hand experience (the ordinary facts which a jury expects a witness to supply to prove he actually experienced what he says) now begin to be absent, or to be only ambiguously present, in our television-experience. For our TV-experience we don't need to go out to see anything in particular. We just turn the knob. Then we wonder while we watch. Is this program "live" or is it "taped"? Is it merely an animation or a "simulation"? Is this a rerun? Where does it originate? When (if ever) did it really occur? Is this happening to actors or to real people? Is this a commercial? A spoof of a commercial? A documentary? Or pure fiction?

Almost never do we see a TV event from what used to be the individual human point of view. For TV is many-eyed, and alert to avoid the monotony of one person's limited vision. And each camera gives us a close-up that somehow dominates the screen. Dick Cavett or Zsa Zsa Gabor fill the screen just like Dave Scott or President Nixon. Everything becomes theater, any actor—or even a spectator—holds center stage. Our TV perspective makes us understandably reluctant to go back to the seats on the side and in the rear which are ours in real life.

The experience flowing through our television channels is a miscellaneous mix of entertainment, instruction, news, uplift, exhortation, and guess what. Old compartments of experience which separated going to church, or to a lecture, from going to a play or a movie or to a ball game, from going to a political rally or stopping to hear a patent-medicine salesman's pitch—on television, such compartments are dissolved. Here at last is a supermarket of surrogate experience. Successful programming offers entertainment (under the guise of instruction), instruction (under the guise of entertainment), political persuasion (with the appeal of advertising) and advertising (with the appeal of drama).

In his Compton, Calif. home, Daniel Garfield watches

TCI

VISION

A new miasma—which no machine before could emit—enshrouds the world of TV. We begin to be so accustomed to this foggy world, so at home and solaced and comforted within and by its blurry edges, that reality itself becomes slightly irritating.

Here is a great, rich, literate, equalitarian nation suddenly fragmented into mysterious anonymous island-audiences, newly separated from one another, newly isolated from their entertainers and their educators and their political representatives, suddenly enshrouded in a fog of new ambiguities. Unlike other comparable changes in human experience, the new segregation came with rocket speed. Television conquered America in less than a generation. No wonder its powers are bewildering and hard to define. It took 500 years for the printing press to democratize learning. Then the people, who at last could know as much as their "betters," demanded the power to govern themselves. As late as 1671, the governor of colonial Virginia, Sir William Berkeley, thanked God that the printing press (breeder of heresy and disobedience) had not yet arrived in his colony, and prayed that printing would never come to Virginia. By the early 19th century, aristocrats and men of letters would record (with Thomas Carlyle) that movable type had disbanded hired armies and cashiered kings, and somehow created "a whole new democratic world."

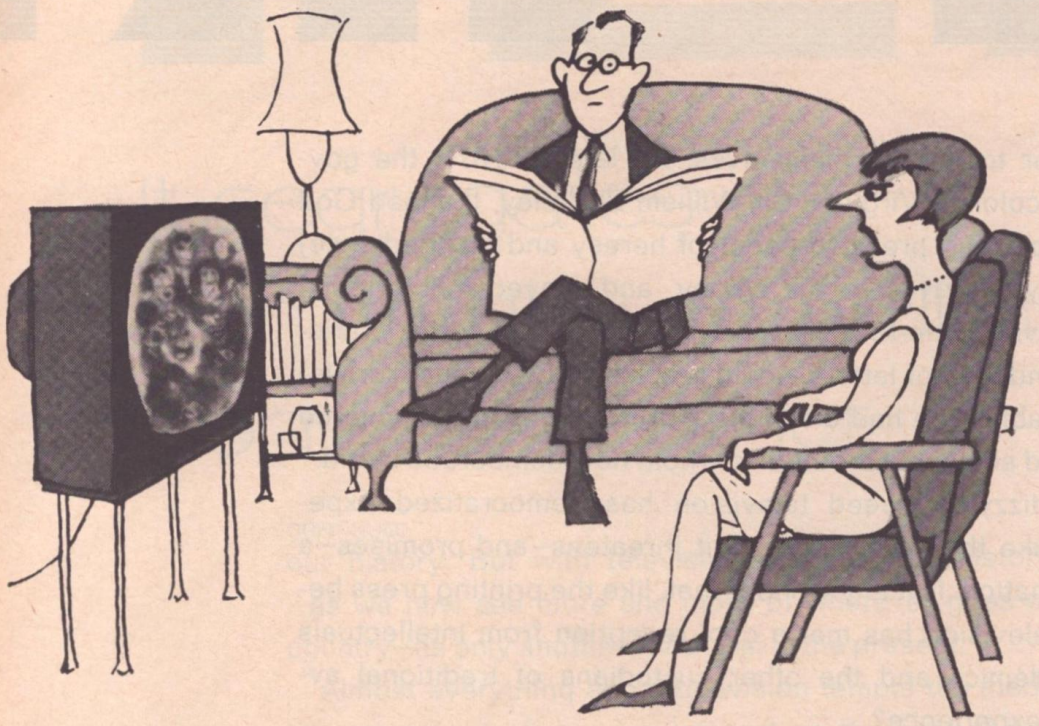
With dizzying speed television has democratized experience. Like the printing press, it threatens—and promises—a transformation. Is it any wonder that, like the printing press before it, television has met a cool reception from intellectuals and academics and the other custodians of traditional avenues of experience?

Can TV-democratized experience carry us to a new society, beyond the traditional democracy of learning and politics? The great test is whether somehow we can find ways in and through television itself to break down the walls of the new segregation—the walls which separate us from one another, from the sources of knowledge and power, from the past, from the real world outside. We see clues to our frustrations in the rise of endless dreary talk-shows, as much as in the sudden increase in mass demonstrations. We must find ways outside TV to restore the sense of personal presence, the sense of neighborhood, of visible fellowship, of publicly shared enthusiasm and dismay. We must find ways within TV to allow the anonymous audience to express its views, not merely through sampling and statistical averages, but person-to-person. We must find ways to decentralize and define and separate TV audiences into smaller, more specific interest-groups, who have the competence to judge what they see, and then to give the audiences an opportunity to react and communicate their reactions. We must try every institutional and technological device—from more specialized stations to pay TV, to cable TV, and other devices still unimagined.

Over a century ago, Thoreau warned that men were becoming "the tools of their tools." While this new-world nation has thrived on change and on novelty, our prosperity and our survival have depended on our ability to adapt strange new tools to wise old purposes. We cannot allow ourselves to drift in the channels of television. Many admirable features of American life today—the new poignance of our conscience, the wondrous universalizing of our experiences, the sharing of the exotic, the remote, the unexpected—come from television. But they will come to little unless we find ways to overcome the new provincialism, the new isolation, the new frustrations and the new confusion which come from our new segregation. ■

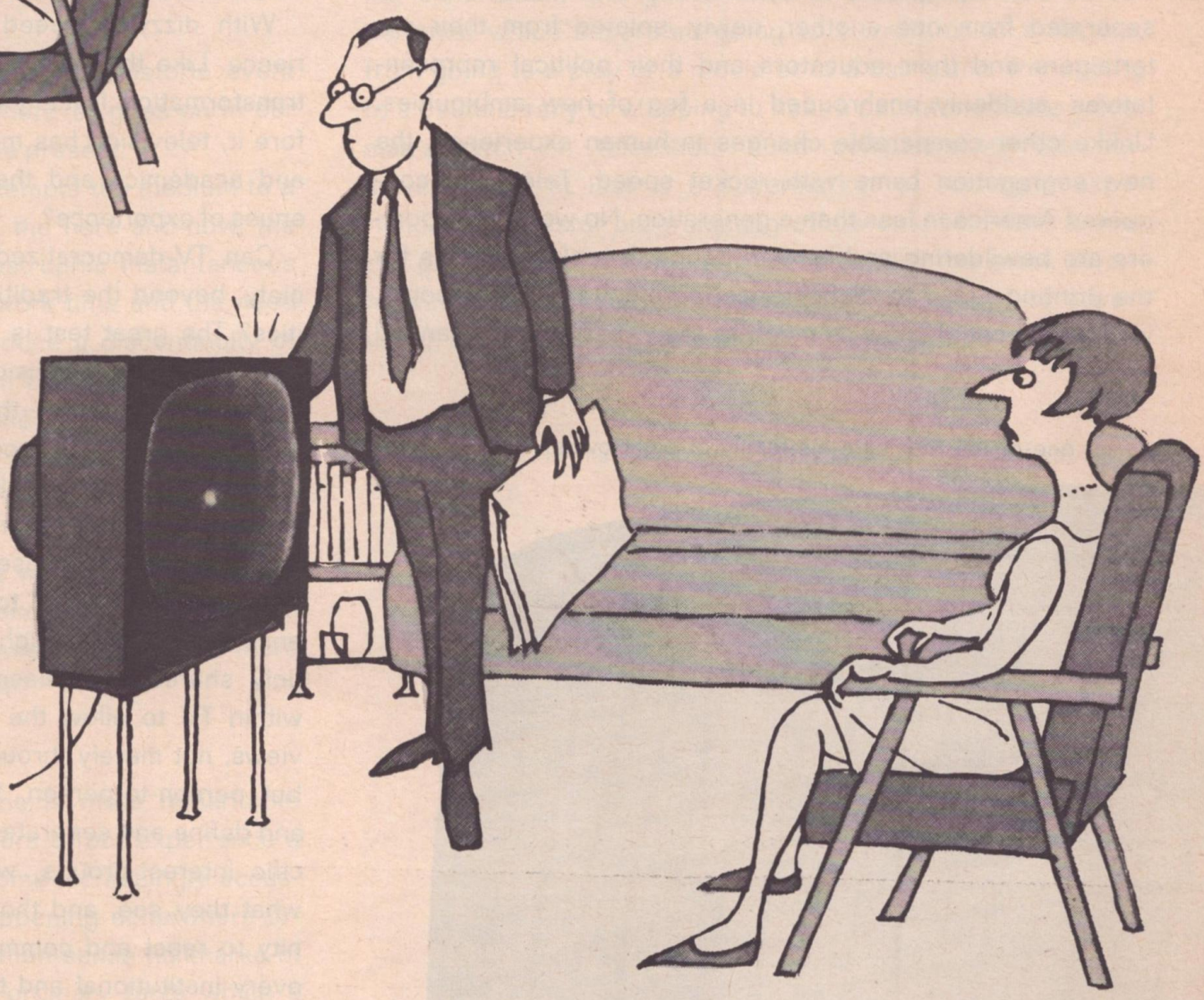
alone on one of the four sets his family of eight owns

VISION



"How long must I endure this insult to my intelligence?"

A major poll by



Numbers have always been the key to TV programming. But the number of people watching a show only begins to tell the story of the viewers' relationship with TV. In a landmark poll conducted especially for LIFE, Louis Harris and Associates have looked beyond the raw data that merely report how many people are tuned to what. The poll confirms the findings of the Nielsen ratings which show that vast numbers of Americans view certain types of programs, such as variety specials, situation comedies and westerns, but it goes on to examine what viewers actually think about what they watch. In extended interviews with a national cross section of 2,500 Americans aged 18 and over (twice the size of the standard Nielsen TV sample), the poll sought to discover how carefully those 36 million Americans tuned in at any given prime moment on a weekday evening look at television. Do they like what they see? What kinds of people like what kinds of programs? What would they like more of and what less? Are they satisfied or dissatisfied after an evening of television?

The poll's main findings, cast in the form of a message from viewers to the men in the network front offices, run like this: We're still watching television, but we're enjoying it less. Your mass programming tactics are not working very well. By trying to reach everybody, you are pleasing

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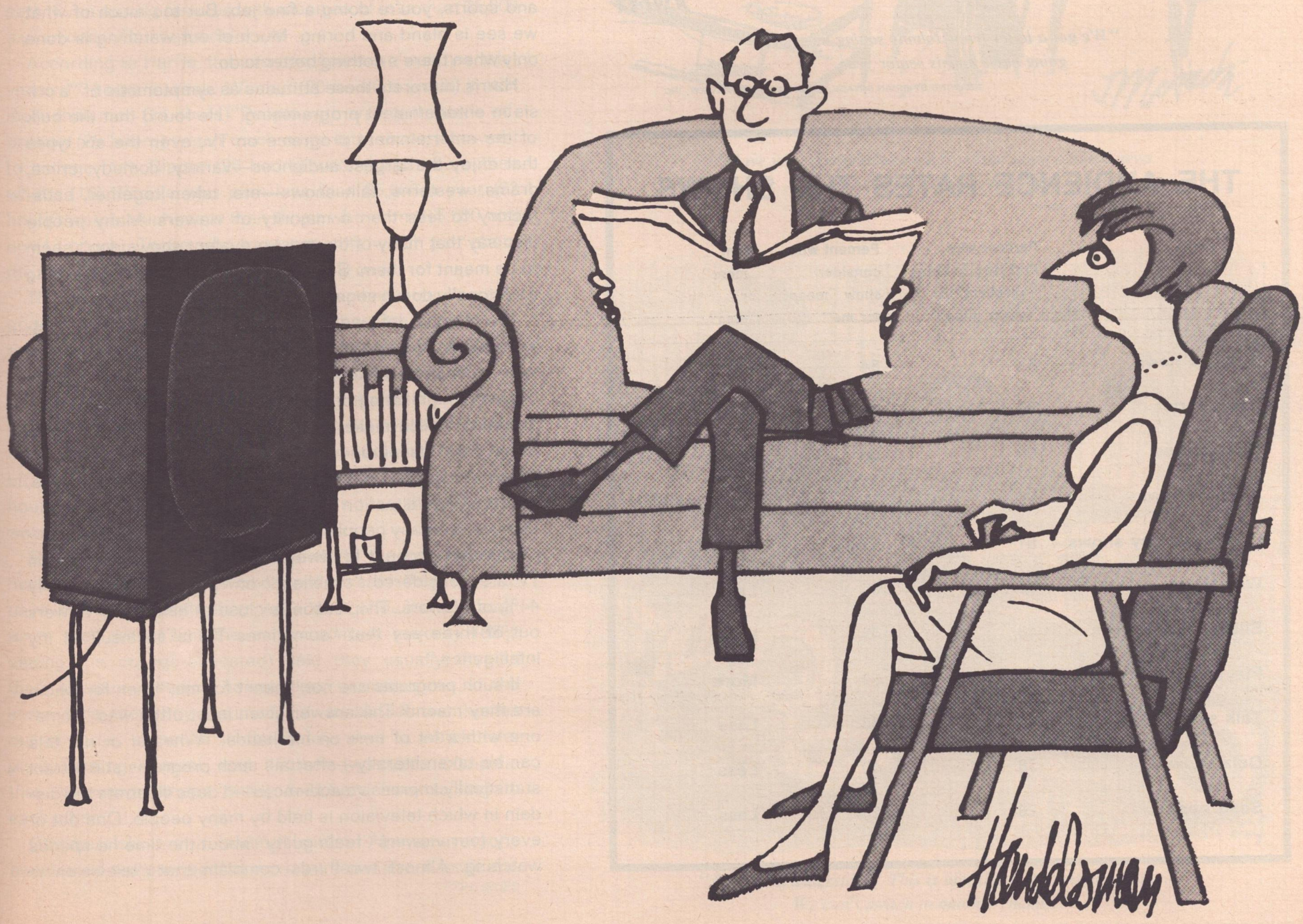
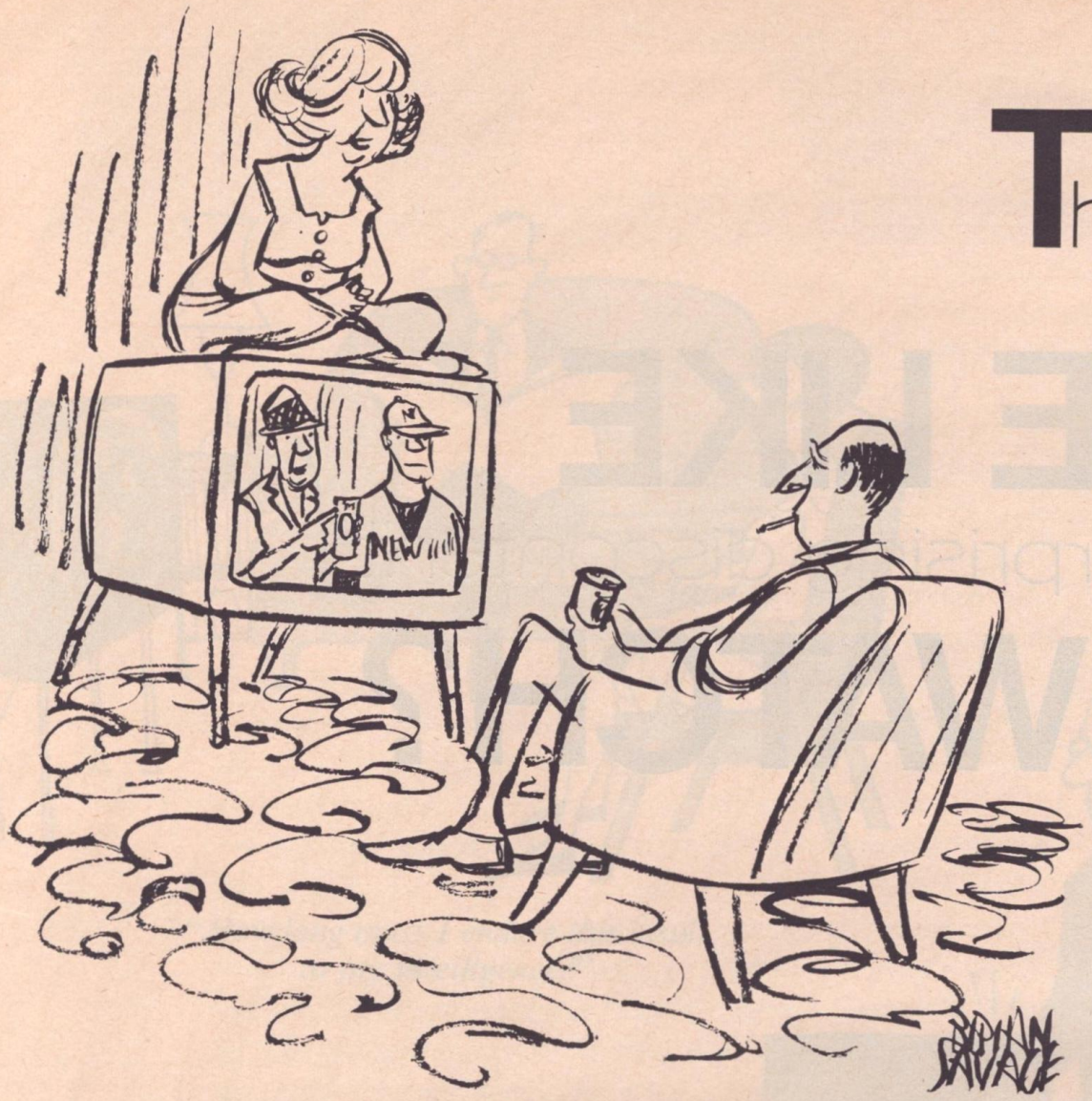
BUT DO WE LIKE WHAT WE WATCH?

Louis Harris reveals surprising discontent



DRAWING BY HANDELSMAN; © 1969 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.



"We got a letter from Johnny saying he's not going back for his senior year."

DRAWING BY BRIAN SAVAGE; © 1967 SATURDAY REVIEW, INC

THE AUDIENCE RATES THE SHOWS

	Percent who find type of show "excellent" or "pretty good"	Percent who consider show "meant for me"	Want "more" or "less"
Network news	82	84	Same
Live sports	72	61	More
New movies	60	65	More
Variety shows	57	55	More specials
Crime and spy shows	51	51	Less
Westerns	50	50	Less
Situation comedies	48	49	Less
Plays and dramas	46	50	More
Talk shows	45	43	Less
Quiz shows	38	40	Less
Soap operas	26	26	Less

The heaviest viewers

CONTINUED

only a minority, and a shrinking minority at that. Most of your programs appear to be aimed at somebody else, not me. We are not a homogeneous mass, but a highly diversified bunch of people with strongly individual tastes which we are inclined to express by being selective about the programs we watch. Many of the entertainment shows you put on—which add up to more than two-thirds of all TV fare—leave us cold, even though we do watch them. In news and sports, you're doing a fine job. But too much of what we see is bland and boring. Much of our watching is done only when there's nothing better to do.

Harris interprets these attitudes as symptomatic of "a crisis in entertainment programming." He found that the bulk of the entertainment programs on TV, even the six types that enjoy the largest audiences—variety, comedy, crime, drama, westerns, talk shows—are, taken together, satisfactory to less than a majority of viewers. Many people also say that many of the most prevalent shows don't seem to be meant for them. Selectivity is on the rise, even among traditionally docile segments of the TV audience.

The chart at left indicates the shape of the crisis. Network news, live sports and movies all rank relatively high among viewers, although only the news programs get a markedly high rating on the "meant for me" basis. For the programs which make up the bulk of TV fare, the results range from discouraging to disastrous. Soap operas, quiz programs and talk shows virtually flunk out. Crime shows, westerns and situation comedies break even with their audiences: as many people like them as don't. Altogether, programs that account for two-thirds of all entertainment on TV are considered "excellent" or "pretty good" by only 44% of viewers. The reason is close at hand: two viewers out of three say that "sometimes TV is an insult to my intelligence."

If such programs are not "meant for me," then for whom are they meant? The answer given most often was "someone with a lot of time on his hands." Whether or not this can be taken literally—after all, such programs still attract statistically impressive audiences—it does illustrate the disdain in which television is held by many people. One out of every four viewers "feels guilty" about the time he spends watching. Almost two-thirds complain that "television is

are 'the lonely and alienated'

sometimes so boring you could fall asleep watching." One in five says he seldom sticks with an individual program all the way to the end.

But this kind of disenchantment must be set against the almost total reach television has achieved in American society. Ninety-two U.S. households out of 100 have telephones, but 96 have at least one working TV set; nearly half have two sets or more, and nearly half have color sets. Even among families with incomes of less than $5,000 a year, one in four has a color set.

According to Harris, the average American watches television 17 hours a week. Women (20 hours a week) watch more than men (14 hours). People with an eighth-grade education (20 hours) watch much more than those who went to college (14). Blacks (25 hours) watch much more than whites (16). People who earn less than $5,000 a year (22 hours) watch much more than those who earn $15,000 and up (13 hours). Those who have two sets watch just about the same amount as those who have only one.

The heaviest TV viewers of all are those Harris categorizes as "lonely and alienated." These are people who told interviewers that "I don't plan my free time well," "have a lot of spare time on my hands," "am not affected by world events." Their numbers are substantial, and they watch several hours a week more than the average. On the other hand, the busiest and most influential among us, the affluent and best educated, still devote approximately two hours a day to television. This is less than they used to watch but is still an impressive amount.

The day when viewers were glued to the set seems to have passed. Half the women polled said they liked to have the set on while they were doing housework, even when they weren't in the same room. A majority (63% among the college-educated) said they usually divided their attention, reading newspapers or magazines at the same time that they watched TV. In almost two homes out of three, someone in the family tries to watch television during a meal, and another two-thirds complain that "television keeps family members from talking to each other."

Commercials are a leading irritant. Almost everyone questioned complained that there are too many. A large ma-

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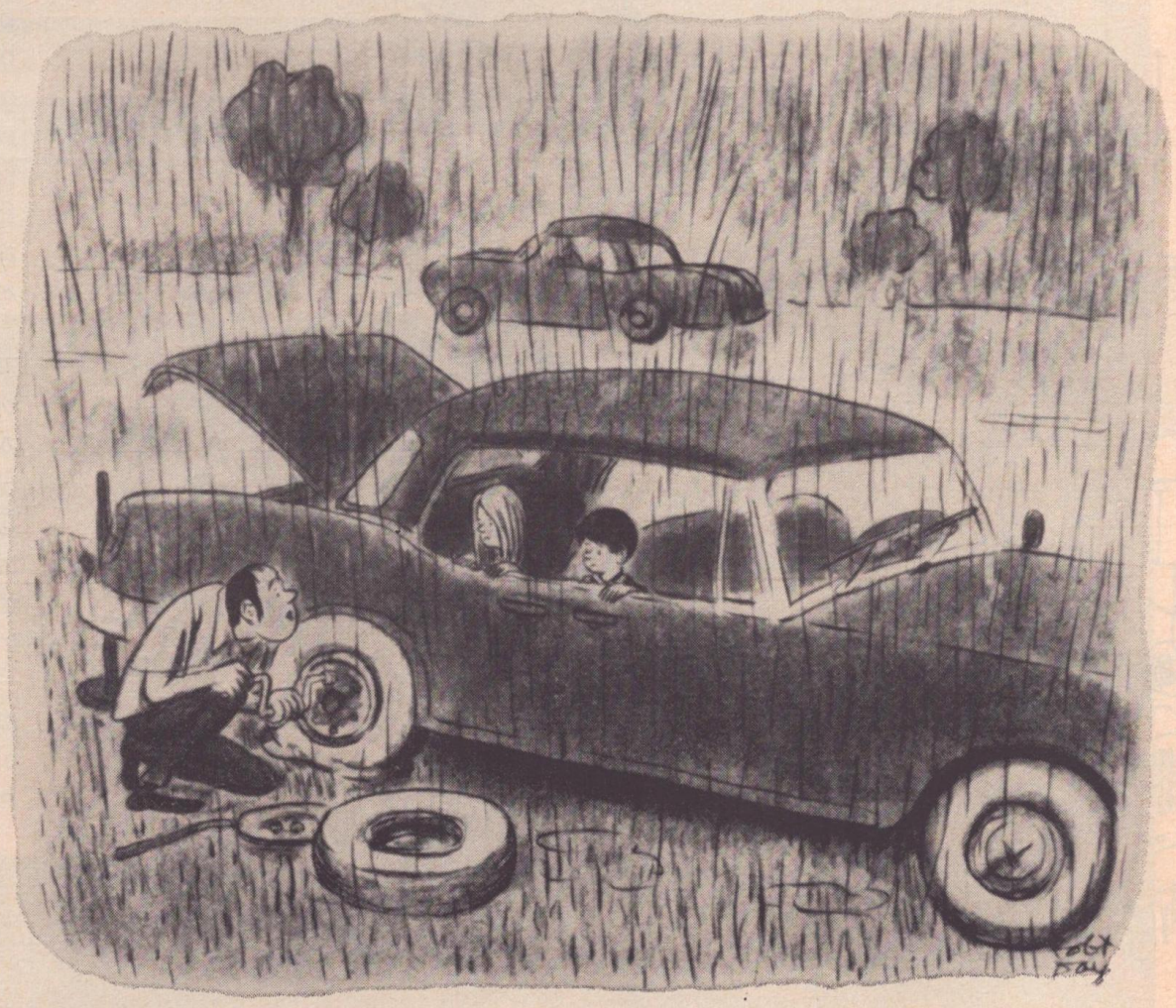
"Have you recovered enough from the seven o'clock news to take the eleven o'clock news?"

FROM THE WALL STREET JOURNAL



"Don't you understand? This is life, *this is what is happening. We* can't *switch to another channel."*

DRAWING BY ROBT. DAY; © 1970 THE NEW Y... AGAZINE, INC.

The four key groups of watchers

CONTINUED

jority of viewers are convinced that the sound level of commercials is higher than that of the program proper; they wish they could turn the commercials off. On the other hand, slightly over half of those polled feel that "at times, the commercials are more entertaining than the programs." Harris believes that annoyance with commercials has not yet grown serious enough to affect viewing habits, but suggests that if disappointment with programming continues to rise, the day may come when excessive commercials could provide many viewers with an excuse for the final turn-off.

Only 37% consider TV better today than it was ten years ago; 32% find it worse. While 35% of those polled say they watch more television today than they did ten years ago, 40% say they watch less. On the basis of changing attitudes toward TV, Harris distinguishes four key groups within the viewing audience:

(1) *Satisfied and watching more:* Only one population group fits this category—blacks.

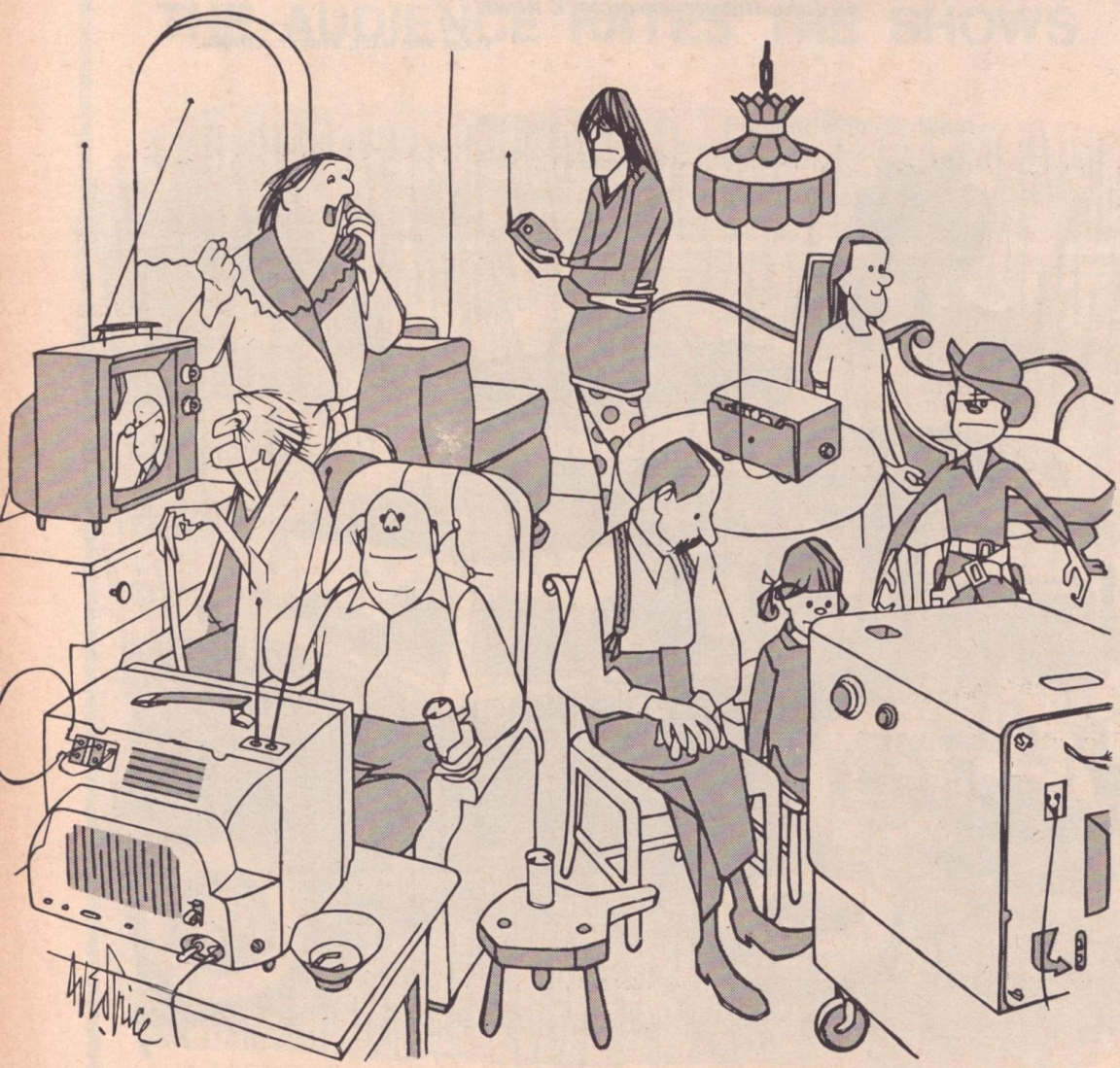
(2) *Watching more but consider programs they do watch to be worse:* This category includes many people with eighth-grade educations, those widowed and divorced, people over 65 and those with family incomes under $5,000. These viewers are typically most dependent on TV.

(3) *Watching less but consider programs they do watch to be better:* These viewers are among the college-educated, single people, people between 18 and 49, and those with incomes over $10,000. This is an important and sizable chunk of the audience.

(4) *Watching less and consider programs worse:* This part of the audience is from among the 50 to 64 age group, white-collar and skilled workers and those with family incomes between $5,000 and $10,000. For many years this has been the heart of the TV audience and to some extent it still is. Discontent is rising faster here than elsewhere, with increasing criticism of entertainment being offered and a tendency to stop tuning in "just to see what happens to be on."

Throughout his survey, Harris found a central theme: growing selectivity in virtually every audience category. A major development aimed at serving this tendency is cable TV, with its potential for delivering 20 channels or more to a single receiver. One U.S. home in ten is now on the cable. A majority of those who have cable TV report that they are watching more, enjoying the wider choice of programming and, incidentally, getting a better picture. Harris asked these viewers whether they would be willing to pay an extra $1 to see certain special programs such as the next Ali-Frazier fight, a Broadway musical or a first-run movie. The results suggest that there would be paying audiences ranging from 1.7 million for the fight down to half a million for a movie. By 1980, with planned expansion of cable facilities, that prospective audience would increase sixfold.

The segmented, increasingly hard-to-please audience revealed by the poll is a programming director's nightmare. As it is structured now, commercial TV may find it impossible to meet the demands that will be placed upon it. Certain programs—news, movies, sports and big entertainment specials—can expect to survive and thrive on a mass basis. But the concept of mass programming—reaching the biggest audience with the blandest entertainment—appears to be bankrupt. The networks are nevertheless still trying to make it function. For details, read how CBS programming director Fred Silverman puts together a new season (next page). ■



"What are we watching? We're watching Lancer, *Jerry Lewis, and* Mod Squad."

DRAWING BY GEO. PRICE; © 1968 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC

Xerox brings back Civilisation.

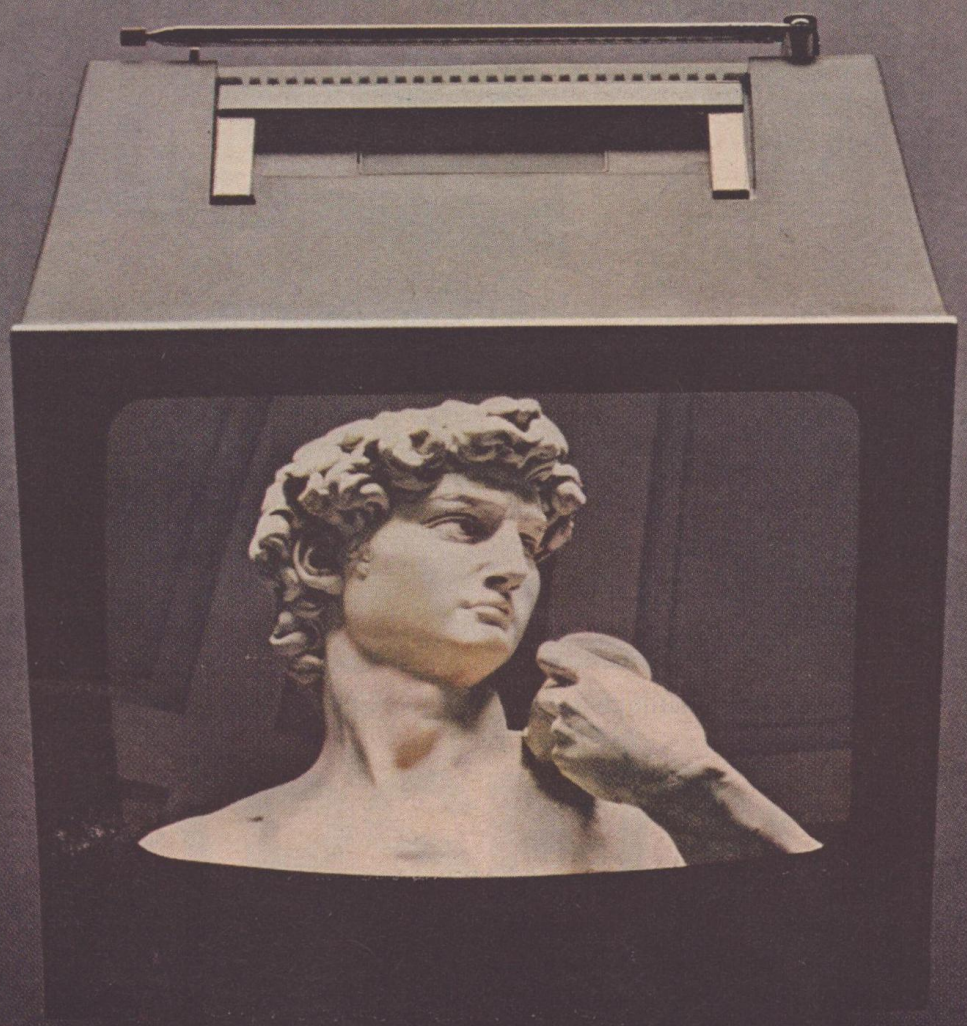
"Civilisation" returns.

This series won such acclaim last year when it was first telecast, Xerox is presenting it again.

See 1600 years of Western man's great art and ideas reviewed in thirteen fascinating hour-long programs by British historian-author Kenneth Clark.

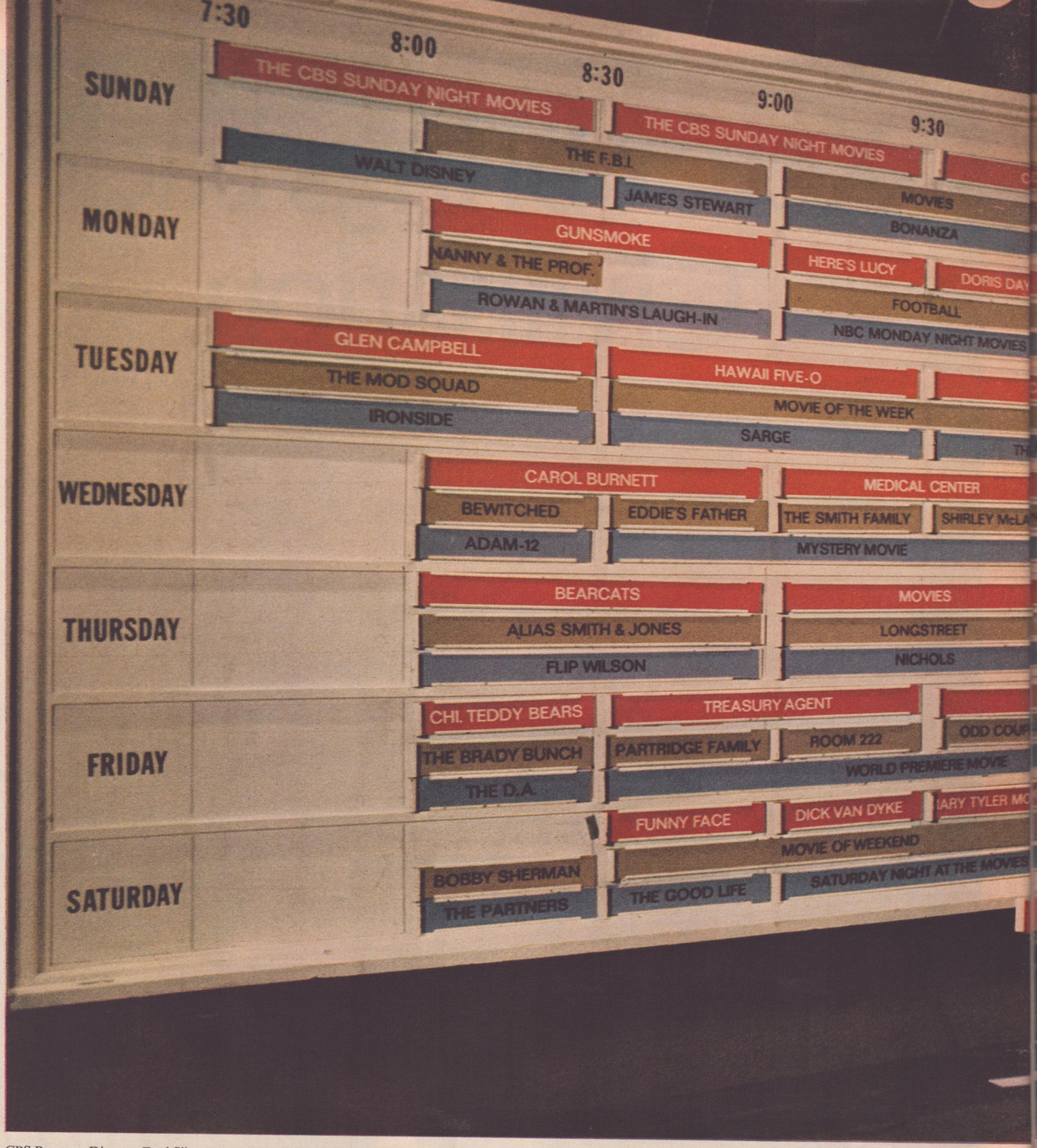
It's a chance to see man at his finest on television at its finest.

See your local newspaper for time and channel.



Distributed by Time-Life Films

Presented by Xerox



CBS Program Director Fred Silverman surveys this season's battle chart—the board on which all network shows are displayed. Aware that NBC and ABC may do the same,

In the life-or-death ratings game,

Photographed by HARRY BENSON

he can shift shows from one slot to another. While he makes up his mind, the board is Top Secret

THE CRAPSHOOT FOR
Fred Silverman rolls the dice for CBS
HALF A BILLION

by THOMAS THOMPSON

At the stroke of 8 next Monday night, the new television season—the event called more bluntly "the half-billion-dollar crapshoot" by those who have made it and who now await blessing or malediction—is fully under way. During the next 24 weeks—the length of a season that used to be 39 before economic pressures whittled it down—stars will rise, stars will vanish, at least one sociologist will note the phenomenon of metropolitan water pressures dipping noticeably as toilets flush en masse during commercial interruption of Sunday afternoon football telecasts, FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson will once more swing his futile sickle across the weeded Garden of Eden that he believes television has become, and more than one parent will wrestle with his conscience as to whether television offers the blessing of keeping a restless child engrossed for the moment, or the penalty of putting his mind to sleep, possibly forever.

As television enters its second quarter-century, the three American networks are hard up against reality, that word which rarely finds its way into non-news programming. There are financial problems with profits decreasing—partly due to the ban on cigarette advertising, partly due to some sponsors growing disenchanted with spiraling ad costs. There are ominous signs from Washington that a government which controls the renewal of television franchises is upset with programming. There are complaints from affiliates as to the quality of the shows. Even the low man on the totem pole, the viewer himself, seems restless. Although the networks would never admit it openly, they privately realize that both the size and the quality of audiences are falling off.

The most interesting network of the golden trinity is CBS. To no man does the new season matter more than to a 33-year-old New Yorker who works there, a tough, gutsy, oddly boyish fellow with the build of a football guard and the manner of a comedian who specializes in wry deprecation. His name is Fred Silverman. Fifteen months ago he became the new vice-president for programming at CBS Television. Already he is a wunderkind of his trade—conceiving and putting on the air television programs that he thinks people will watch. Note the sophisticated difference here: not programs that he thinks people will necessarily *like*, or *benefit* from, or be *enriched* by, but programs that he thinks people will watch.

Fred Silverman is a blunt, decisive man who makes up his mind quickly—whether it is to buy eight $200 suits at one visit to a Beverly Hills tailor, as he recently did, or to commit his network to a $1.25 million cartoon show called *Pebbles and Bamm-Bamm* in a 30-second telephone conversation. He cuts through rambling talk on the other side of his desk with a frankly impatient, "What's the bottom line?" meaning, "Get the hell to the point." During July and August this year, as he tended to the fall season and planned those seasons yet to come, he made both his wrath and his pleasure

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His blunt way of dealing with dazzle

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known. He seemed to fit perfectly the description by a veteran producer who said, after a fiery telephone conversation with him, "Freddie's bright, Freddie's unpredictable, Freddie scares people to death. All in all, I think he'll survive."

After looking at one of the new Saturday morning *You Are There* shows for young people, Silverman pronounced it hopelessly complicated. "How the hell are kids going to understand it? You'd have to have a master's degree in psychology from Columbia." He looked at the pilot and second show for a new prime time series called *Funny Face* and promptly shut down production for four weeks. "They were turning Sandy Duncan into Mary Poppins, for Christ's sakes. Show would have been a failure. It'll cost us $100,000 to shut down, but it'll be worth it because the scripts will improve." Silverman has quickly become known as a program director who rides herd on Hollywood, exercising "quality control." The not infrequent trick in the past has been for a producer to create a spectacular and lavish pilot, obtain a contract for X number of shows at $200,000 each, then start scrimping on sets, actors and locations, thus pocketing the balance. Silverman, flying west with all the outrage of a Darryl Zanuck, attempts to

stop this. "My life in Hollywood is total glamour," he says sarcastically. "I hole up in a screening room and look at rushes from 9 a.m. till late at night. I'm like a monk out there."

One afternoon he chewed out a CBS press department member because he had read a story telling how much David Janssen was making off his new series. "I don't ever wanna see that kind of crap in the papers again! Understand!" Television stars make an average of $10,000 to $15,000 per show, but some veterans—James Garner, for example—can make twice or three times that in addition to owning a major piece of the series. When word like that gets out, it makes Silverman's bargaining position for other stars more difficult.

On another day he listened impatiently to a representative from Screen Gems who presented a package of movies available to television. "You're offering a lot of crap," he said. The salesman pointed out that *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* was on the list, a successful, if sexy, motion picture about wife-swapping.

"Yeah," snapped Silverman, "by the time we finish editing that, we'd have to call it *Bob*. What else have you got?"

He is always alert for news and rumors about the competition. "My feeling is there's going to be an awful lot of failure this fall," he told a visitor in late July. "Lots of dogs going on the air. What percent of dogs will be ours, I don't know. I don't think at this point we have a single weak entry. On NBC, I hear Don Adams's new show is good. I hear nothing good about anything new on ABC which really doesn't surprise me. I hear Shirley MacLaine's series is terrible, I hear Tony Quinn's is bad too, but what could you expect? Impossible concept! [Quinn plays the mayor of a southwestern city.] I mean, like, what's he going to solve every week? The garbage problem?"

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One of Silverman's big bets for the coming season is actress Sandy Duncan, above, who will star in a new series called *Funny Face*. His boss bet him it would flop. In Hollywood, on the set of *The Sonny and Cher Comedy Hour* (left), Silverman holds the stars' daughter, Chastity, while they joke with CBS executive Bob Wood.

At the taping of a special called *The Comics*, Silverman tells its star, Carroll O'Connor from *All in the Family*, "We wanted to keep you going when everybody was predicting disaster."

Why he slew all the Hillbillies

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The three American networks have personalities and identities all their own. To the men in New York who work in television and advertising, NBC is a gigantic, forbidding colossus under the wing of parent RCA. "It's got so many layers it's like the government," says one show packager. ABC, despite interesting, colorful innovations and rushes of vitality, never seems able to rise above number three. "ABC goes for the quick shot, they are papier-mâché when NBC is cold steel, and CBS is granite."

Indeed CBS likes to believe its image is reflected best by its magnificent headquarters building at 51 W. 52nd St. in New York. Created by famed architect Eero Saarinen, the structure rears up in charcoal gray granite, as forbidding, as looming and modern as the mysterious slab in *2001*. Inside, the elevators are swathed in somber leatherlike material which discourage conversation, the dark walls of the corridors are hung with archly modern lithographs, the men keep their coats on when they work. The rattling coffee wagons which service most skyscrapers in New York are not permitted at CBS. Secretaries bring coffee to their bosses on silver trays. It is drunk from fine white china cups. One would sooner shout inside St. Patrick's Cathedral than to raise one's voice on the 34th floor of CBS—the floor where Fred Silverman has so rapidly become a dominant personality.

Why then, the historian might ask, did a network so concerned with style, with grace, put onto its air space such products as *The Beverly Hillbillies*, *Hee-Haw* and all the other bucolica seemingly more suited to come from the Grand Ole Opry in Nashville than 51 W. 52nd St. in New York City? For the benefit of the historian, let it be said that Fred Silverman did not put them on. He, in fact, took them off. In a move that both dazzled and stunned the television industry, Silverman was hardly warm in his chair before he whacked holy hell out of a television schedule that had become, in traumatic America, almost a constant.

Silverman, working closely with his superior, CBS Television Network President Bob Wood, brought about what he calls "the biggest schedule revolution in the history of television."

"This is," says Silverman, speaking in his blunt, rat-a-tat delivery, "the biggest throw of dice ever. . . . I want to bring about two things: (1) more appeal for the urban, big city viewer, and (2) recapture the kind of audience leadership we had four or five years ago. I won't be satisfied with anything less than total CBS *domination* of the other networks."

The throw of the dice will cost CBS alone roughly $200,000 for each prime-time hour that it puts on. Over a new season that extends to approximately April 1, this means an outlay of some $150 million, a figure that does not include news, specials, daytime programming, or those shows which flopped in pilot form. When the other two networks' expenditures are added up, Silverman's decisions and those of his rivals become financially ominous—about half a billion dollars is on the table.

Freddie's ax, as they called it on Broadcast Row last March, cut deeply and painfully. Slain were every single one of the hillbillies and their imitative relatives. "The *Hee-Haw* fans put up a big letter-writing campaign, but the letters were encouraged by the makers of the show. They all read alike." Out went Ed Sullivan after 23 years. "For the past five, Ed's trend was steadily down," explains Silverman. "His viewers were hard-core old people. From 8 to 9 p.m. Sunday he was No. 3. It was hard to cancel him—he was a member of our family and he had a hell of a run—but it had to be done." Knocked out was Andy Griffith, one of the biggest money-makers in the history of television. "I knew from the first script that it was going to be El Doggo. It wasn't drama, it wasn't comedy, what it was was a bad show." All in all, Silverman canceled 13 CBS shows.

Even though it has dominated the ratings race for the past several years, CBS faced up to a hard fact last spring: Madison Avenue was disenchanted with the kind of audience CBS shows were drawing. *Hee-Haw*, for example, was a dynamite hit in the rural areas of Tennessee and Texas, but in New York City its share was 12 —pathetic. NBC gleefully pointed out in speeches and press releases that the object of television was not so much to reach the

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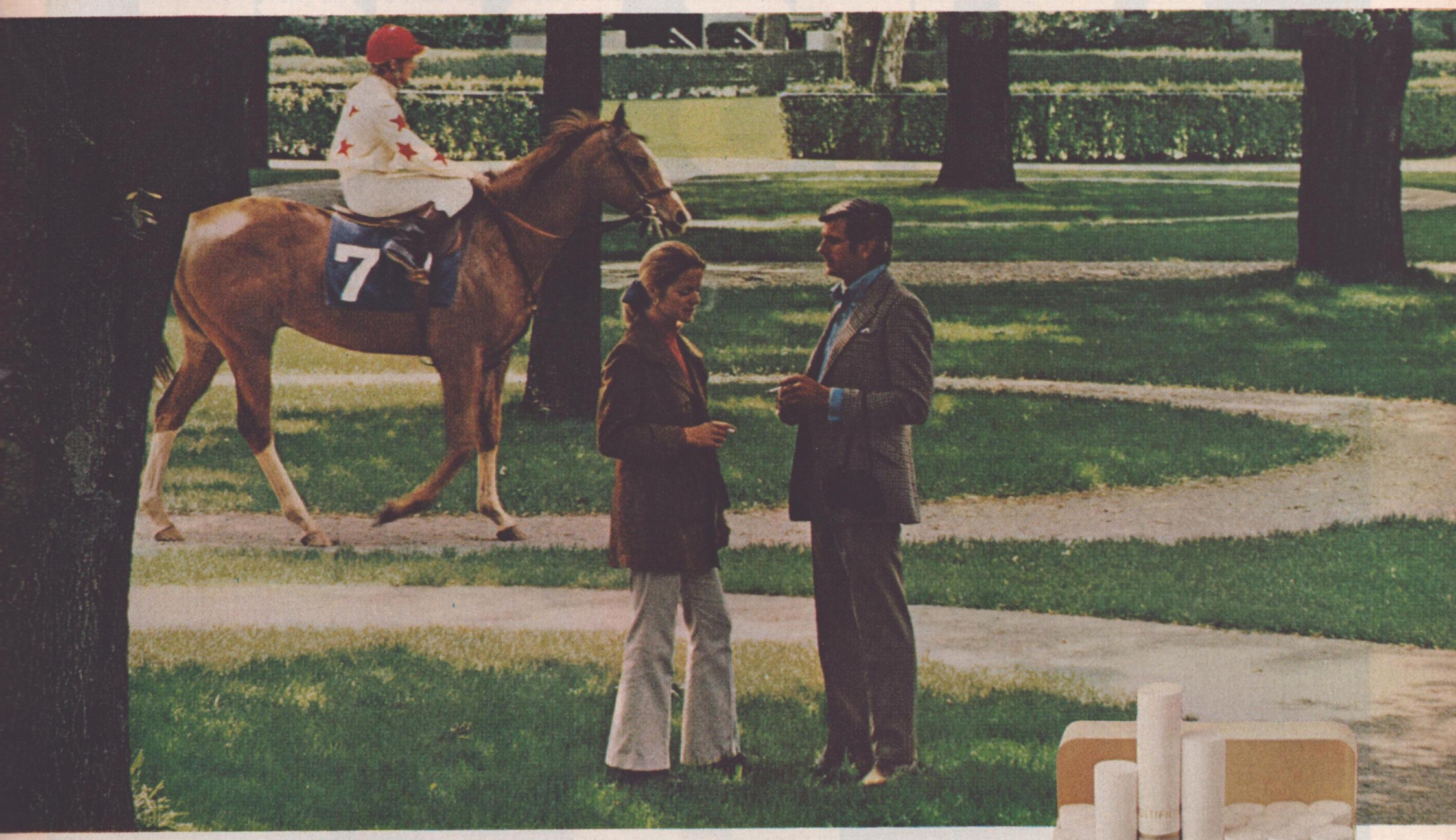
While aides await his decision, Fred Silverman looks glum as he watches a new fall show on the three-screen set in his New York office.

Lower in tar than 95% of all cigarettes sold.



Full Kentucky flavor in a low-tar cigarette.

15 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine.

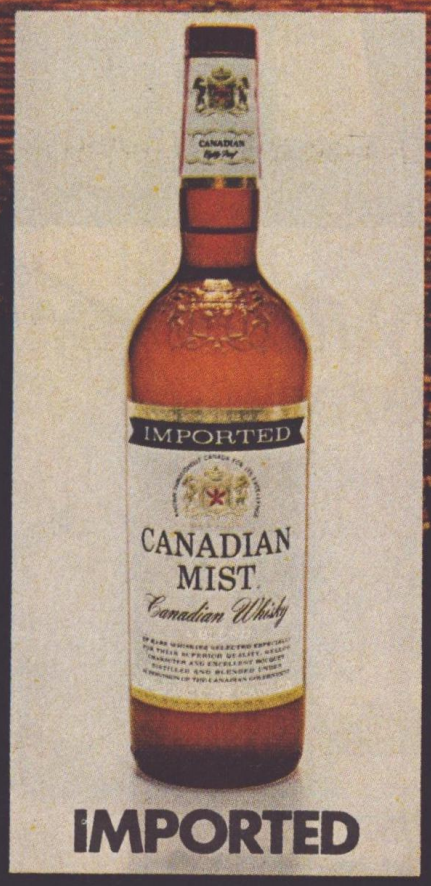
TWO MODERN FILTER TECHNIQUES
Tar Reduction System: Acetate fibers and fresh-air drawn through special filter channels reduce tar and nicotine.
Charcoal Filtration System: Highly adsorbent charcoal granules to keep flavor clean and smooth.

PHILIP MORRIS

MULTIFILTER

Regular: 15 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine—Menthol: 12 mg. "tar," .9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Nov. '70

CANADA AT ITS BEST



IMPORTED

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Each night's calculated battle plan

CONTINUED

greatest number of people—but to reach those young, urban, affluent viewers who had enough money to buy products advertised on the screen.

There were other problems not only for CBS, but for the competing networks as well. Beginning this fall, four hours of prime-time television must be turned back to the local stations by edict of the FCC, it being the government agency's prayer that better local programming in the community interest be scheduled. "This is a farce," says Silverman bluntly. "What the local stations are mainly buying to fill those hours are cheap Canadian and British variety shows and reruns and syndicated crap."

There is the increasing Nixon administration annoyance with television networks as expounded by Spiro Agnew. Many advertisers are annoyed at being sandwiched in among so many other commercial messages—one critic counted the number of "words from our sponsor" at the end of one hour show and the beginning of another and came up with more than *30* commercials. Moreover, there is the growing challenge from cable TV, although Silverman says he gives little thought to a fourth network, a pay-as-you-see network. "That's ten years away," he says, "and by then I'll be teaching at some college somewhere. I'm more interested in next January."

For the shows that survived his ax, Silverman ordered overhauls. *Mission: Impossible*, for example, almost expired on Saturday night, but Silverman decided it had "another year or two of life in it." He decreed that the *MI* force fight "organized crime in America —no more South American revolutions!"

The Doris Day Show, analyzed Silverman, "is too Pollyannaish, too saccharine." He engaged a new producer, Ed Feldman, whose previous credit, *Hogan's Heroes*, was what is known in the trade as "hard comedy," as opposed to "soft comedy" like *My Three Sons*. "Feldman has turned loose the best stable of comedy writers in California to redo Doris. She'll be more involved with stories, not just an onlooker. She's been promoted from secretary to reporter, to develop a Hildy Johnson-*Front Page* sort of feeling."

Arnie, felt Silverman, was once a show of exceptional promise, "the common man refusing to change, holding his own despite sudden affluence. But it never fulfilled its concept." This fall, *Arnie* will go back to that original concept. It will also be pointed out regularly that Arnie is a Greek, an ethnic identification made possible by the bolder talk of *All in the Family*. "That show—*All in the Family*—is going to bring changes in a lot of shows," says Silverman. "Dick Van Dyke is doing a *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*-type show. A lot of sitcoms will try bolder themes."

During a calendar year at CBS, some 1,100 submissions are made to Silverman, ideas for new shows from producers and television packagers. From these, Silverman last year selected approximately 50 which he felt were interesting enough to prepare scripts, a cost to CBS of roughly $2,500 each. Of these, 15 went to pilots, and only six were finally selected last March to go on the air this fall. Two of the eight new CBS shows, *The New Dick Van Dyke Show* and *Cade's County*, a contemporary western starring Glenn Ford, were sold without need of a pilot.

The balance of creative power in television has swung full circle in the past few years. When television began, the networks, such as they were, devised their own programming. In the decade of the 1950s, however, creative clout was transfered to some 35 New York advertising agencies representing some 100 consumer products. General Foods, for example, would simply decide that it wanted a show starring Andy Griffith and the concept would be developed by General Foods' agency and brought to the networks—which happily accepted it.

Two things brought creative control back to the networks. One was FCC Commissioner Newton Minow's famous "wasteland" speech of May 1961 which said, in effect, "You, the networks, have the responsibility to make television better." The second was the rocketing cost of preparing a pilot. A half-hour show now costs upwards of $200,000 to prepare, and an hour or 90-minute pilot can exceed $750,000. Sponsors are no longer willing to fully undertake the financing of a new show. The networks must do it.

Of the eight new shows which Silverman elected to put on the air this fall, all would seem—at first glance—more of the same. Silverman, however, felt there were important differences which will bring success. *Funny Face*, starring New York musical comedy actress Sandy Duncan, and *Cannon*, starring veteran character heavy Bill Conrad, are, for all intents and purposes, simply two more standbys—a daffy girl comedy and a private eye. But by introducing new star faces to television audiences, Silverman feels they will catch on.

"The single most important element in a show is the star. People tune in to see a star—Lucy, Doris, Flip, whoever. Shows work because of a certain face. This is our thrust for the fall. We're going with the best group of faces we've ever had."

Television requires different faces than do motion pictures, thinks Silverman. "Elliott Gould would be no good for TV, Candice Bergen would be zilch. If I had a choice between Dustin Hoffman and unknown-but-good Actor X, I'd choose Actor X. For a marginal, repeat *marginal* success on television, you need 25 million regular viewers. Twenty-five million people in this country simply aren't interested enough in Elliott Gould to watch him every week. For that reason, it's up to me to find the stars, *new* stars, that I think people will."

Half a program director's job is coming up with new shows. The other half, some would say the other 90%, is in knowing how to design a weekly schedule, in knowing where to put shows to attract maximum audiences. Normally the networks release their fall schedule the preceding Washington's Birthday. This year, due to personnel shifts and the trauma of the FCC prime-time ruling cutting back four hours of weekly programming, CBS did not announce its fall list until mid-March.

On the 34th floor of CBS in a locked executive screening room there rests during this time a carefully locked schedule board. When its doors are opened, there stands a night-by-night schedule—from 7:30 to 11—for each of the three networks. Bits and pieces of gossip, rumor, intelligence from ad salesmen and gabby producers, hot tips from, in truth, anybody who has an inkling what the competition is up to, have been pieced together. The shows that ABC and NBC are reported going with are in place on the board. Each show has a magnetic strip about two inches wide by however long the time period is.

Pinpoint spotlights illuminate the board giving it the eerie, critical feeling of a Pentagon war room. Indeed battle strategy is as serious here as in any Washington basement. Even CBS Corporation Board Chairman William S. Paley takes his place before the schedule board.

It becomes during this period quite simple to cancel a marginal show. There are only a certain number of spaces on the board. "This is the way you kill a show," said Silverman, pulling one of the magnetic nameplates off the board and throwing it on the floor.

Silverman built his game strategy for the new season by starting with his network's weakest night of last season, Sunday, and proceeding in nonconsecutive order through the rest of the week:

SUNDAY: We were number three. Attrition had set in. We had to reprogram the whole night. Now you don't put six new half-hours in to fill three hours, you try to reduce the risk. We decided to start with movies, because we have a strong mix, possibly the richest ever put on TV. *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*, *The Great Race*, quality family pictures. We'll hold the audience for two hours and deliver a good lead-in to Glenn Ford at 9:30. NBC should get hurt bad. Disney is a kid show, James Stewart after that is in an im-

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Cathy Kihn, Silverman's fiancée, appears at his CBS office in hot pants to urge, "Why don't you quit for the night and take me out for dinner?"

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possible position and *Bonanza*, getting so old, should get its lowest ratings ever. ABC won't start until 8 on Sunday, giving us a half-hour jump, and they're showing made-for-television movies which won't compare with ours. I'm not worried about Sunday.

TUESDAY: We were a strong number two here last year, but the profile was terrible. We were dying in the metropolitan area with *Hillbillies* and *Green Acres*, etc. So we wiped out Tuesday night. *Hawaii Five-O* is the strongest show we have on CBS, usually a 45 share. We built Tuesday around it. A strong melodrama with continuing characters can wipe out *Movie of the Week*. Years ago *Sunset Strip* beat *Playhouse 90*, if you want a classic example. Tuesday is ABC's strongest night—*Mod Squad*, *Movie*, *Marcus Welby*. To counter it, we decided to lead off with Glen Campbell. For a while it was Carol Burnett, but with Campbell we'll be more urbanized. Yes, he draws more urban viewers than Burnett; and he's got gigantic guest bookings—John Wayne, Bob Hope, Lucy. Opposite him is *Mod Squad* and *Ironside* and my feeling is they'll eat each other up, giving the hour to Campbell. I hope there's a substantial audience that doesn't want to look at police shows.

WEDNESDAY: We kept *Medical Center*, very strong, from 9 to 10. We took the next strongest show on our network, *Mannix*, and put it at 10. This protects the flow. After much debate we put Carol Burnett in at 8. We didn't feel we were getting our money's worth out of her. She *could* be a top-ten show, a blockbuster. Our research showed she had great appeal for young people. She'll do well at 8. In fact, Wednesday will be our best night.

SATURDAY: We were frankly scared by *The Partners* on NBC, a new show with Don Adams. We saw the pilot and it will be strong with young people. If we kept *Mission: Impossible* on opposite it, it would lose and it would be the last year for *MI*. It's got more life in it. We put *My Three Sons* in opposite *Partners* as a workhorse, as counterprogramming. *Funny Face* with Sandy Duncan goes in at 8:30 against *The Good Life* on NBC—a dog, hopeless premise. Sandy'll do all right. Then we go with Dick Van Dyke and Mary Tyler Moore. Saturday night is all personalities with us. With the exception of *My Three Sons*, about which I feel a little shaky, I'm secure for the rest of the night.

FRIDAY: We started with a blank board. One way to solve the problem was to put in our made-for-TV movies as an anchor. Then we took our best new show, *O'Hara, United States Treasury*, with David Janssen, and put it at 8:30. To lead off, we tried for the young people. We took the most volatile, innovative comedy show, *The Chicago Teddy Bears*, and put it up against *The Brady Bunch* on ABC and *The D.A.* on NBC. If, God forbid, it doesn't work and movies bomb, *O'Hara* is strong enough to win the evening.

THURSDAY: We had that impossible situation against Flip Wilson. We looked at all the shows we had. We didn't want to go with a middle-of-the-road, bread-and-butter show. We wanted a *Batman*, a *Peyton Place*, a breakthrough. We chose *Bearcats!*, a romantic adventure with Rod Taylor. It should have western appeal (rural) to counter Flip's urban strength. And with all the action and pizzaz, it might even get the kids away from Flip. Finally the two male stars are so romantic we feel they would lure housewives. Lord only knows! This is a crapshoot, a 20–1 shot. The horse may win, the horse may lose. If it wins, you make money.

MONDAY: We put *All in the Family* back in at 10:30, even though when we made up this schedule last March, *All in the Family* was not successful. We just wanted to keep it on. Everybody on Madison Avenue told us it was a disaster. But we lucked out. (It was number one in June). Now we could build a night around it.

Obviously, the competing networks have their program boards as well. Each of CBS's programs has been analyzed and dissected with strategy laid to counter them. NBC, for example, is serenely confident that its Sunday night combo—*Walt Disney* and *Bonanza*—will steamroll over CBS and ABC, both showing movies.

Silverman, nonetheless, felt so secure about his game plan that by the first week of August he was thinking, perhaps only halfway thinking, the unthinkable—that there would be no midseason cancellations and replacements. He was, moreover, positively elated over the breakthrough success of *The Sonny and Cher Comedy Hour*, a summer replacement which drew both favorable reviews and huge ratings despite a modest budget. "This is an explosion," he said. "You could count on one hand the number of times this has happened in the history of TV. And it didn't cost us $10 million and two floors of the CBS Building to get them." Silverman's problem now was a happy one: where to use a demonstrably successful variety show in a schedule that seemed unusually strong.

A few days later, on the second Monday in August, Silverman was in Los Angeles at CBS Television City to view rough cuts of the fall product and to decide which segments to lead with. Before the marathon viewings began, "sausage factory time" as Silverman called it, there was an informal meeting with his West Coast associates. One pointed out that ABC would be hurt by the weekend

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At his Central Park South apartment, Silverman and Miss Kihn exchange a glance while watching TV. She works for one of the enemy—David Frost.

A 'chintzy' challenge to Flip

CONTINUED

injury of Jet football star Joe Namath. "ABC's no fool," the executive said. "They had Namath and the Jets—the biggest attraction in football—scheduled for three Monday night games. Now with him hurt, who's going to watch Al Woodall?"

The first two screenings shown this morning were of Silverman's pet project *Funny Face*, starring Sandy Duncan. This was the series which Silverman had shut down for four weeks. After the showings CBS Television Network President Bob Wood rose and spoke with a glum face. The show, he said, would fail. It could harm the network's Saturday night lineup. Silverman disagreed quickly. "This show as it now stands is no worse than *That Girl*, and it ran five years. I predict it'll get a 30-31 share. Sandy Duncan'll be a star on CBS for years to come."

"How much do you want to bet?" asked Wood.

"Ten dollars," shot back Silverman. It was not a jocular bet.

The next two screenings were of *Bearcats!*, the expensive romantic adventure starring Rod Taylor, the show which Silverman hoped would be an antidote to Flip Wilson on NBC. *Bearcats!* seemed as lumbering as the villainous World War I tank used in one of the segments.

Now even Silverman was grim. "It looks chintzy," he said, "even with all the money we're spending." He sank deeper into his chair and lit another cigarette; his ashtray was overflowing. "We might as well cede the hour to Flip."

Silverman ordered heavy Saturday morning promotion of *Bearcats!* with the hope that a kiddie audience could be lured to the program on Thursday nights. Someone else suggested that Rod

CONTINUED

Silverman and Miss Kihn harmonize while his father, a retired TV repairman, plays the piano. Silverman originally planned to be a film director.

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A way to mine the late-night gold

CONTINUED

Taylor drop a few pounds as he was coming off a little thick on the screen.

"What it all comes down to is what Shakespeare said," observed Bob Wood, "the *show's* the thing. If all our shows were good, we wouldn't have to sit here trying to fix them."

Silverman's face was dark. Two of the shows he had banked on were letting him down.

Silverman's mood was cheered later in the week. Doris Day in her new format was slick and funny, Glenn Ford's new hour was as good as anything on television, and *Cannon*, starring Bill Conrad, seemed a potential runaway hit, if audiences would go for a fat, middle-aged detective hero. David Janssen's new series, *O'Hara*, produced by Jack Webb, was low-key and done in the somber style of *Dragnet*, but Silverman felt that once thematic music was added, there would be elements enough for success. Only the "teaser" bothered him, it being a pretentious and expository prelude to the opening show. Told that Jack Webb insisted it stay in, Silverman said sharply, "Cut that piece of crap out. Over my dead body this show will open with that. Let him sue me."

At mid-week, Silverman met with the producer of *Funny Face* and discussed improvements. "I'm not somebody who likes to lose," he said. "I want to win every time period." He concluded his week of viewing with confidence that his schedule—excluding *Bearcats!*—was still a strong and appealing one. He even doubled his $10 bet with Bob Wood who remained unconvinced that surgery could save *Funny Face*. It was apparent to all that Silverman was staking much of his prestige on the show, that Wood was firmly down on its prospects. "Our bet may be $1,000 by the time we get back on the plane," said Silverman.

No longer was he thinking the unthinkable. There would surely be a place at midseason for Sonny and Cher. Silverman also stepped up plans for two other replacement series, *Keep the Faith*, a comedy about a rabbi starring Jack Guilford, and a new show with Don Rickles.

Late-night television, says Silverman, "is a swamp," and one of his major concerns. "It's the only place on the schedule where NBC is beating us," he said one day. "Merv Griffin's making money, but not enough. The guy's in his second year and he keeps losing stations. He's got an 18 share. And no wonder. The other night he had a 'theme' show with a bunch of people sitting around talking about ghosts for 90 minutes. Now that's pretty thin stuff!"

One gathers that Griffin's era on CBS is doomed unless his ratings pick up dramatically, something that neither his move to Hollywood nor his introduction of "theme" shows seems to have done. On this summer morning, as he would often during July and August, Silverman put forth his idea for a late-night replacement:

"I'm convinced we cannot go anywhere in late night without a whole new concept. I'd like to have sort of a *Broadway Open House*-type show, with a central figure, maybe a second banana. Certainly not another talk show!"

What if CBS could find another host as witty and personable as Dick Cavett on ABC? Silverman frowned. "Cavett is witty and he is articulate, but he's *not* commercial."

Silverman asked his secretary to borrow a tape of a recent Dick Cavett show in which comedian David Steinberg was guest host. "I hear he was sensational," said Silverman. He would invite Steinberg in for a "social chat," which was a way to look him over up close. When Steinberg arrived, he did not know Silverman was casing him as a possible late-night show host, or as the star of an occasional variety hour with alternating hosts, even a candidate for an afternoon variety show at 4 p.m.

CONTINUED

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Yes, this *is a diet—an eating diet!* That *forces* you to eat at dinner, even though you may actually feel full from breakfast and lunch and the hearty snacks you've had in between!

Yes, there are certain foods you *can't* eat, because they're poison for your weight. *But this doctor pays you back for passing by those "poison foods"—by letting you take another second helping of other foods you love instead! And you keep right on burning off the weight!*

Yes, you have to *stick* to the diet every day if you want to keep on melting off those pounds. And you have to stick to the diet even if you've lost 40 or 60 or 80 or 100 pounds—so you can keep that weight off *for good! But who wouldn't want to stay on a diet that lets you fill up your plate with delicious delicacies over and over again! And snack in the morning! Snack in the afternoon! Snack delightfully every night before you go to bed!*

And One Extra Point: This Diet Has A Second Giant Benefit For You! It Drains THE EXCESS FLUID Out Of Your Body, That You May Never Have Been Able To Lose Before!

This second way of evaporating ugly flab from your body is perhaps equally as important as the first. For medical science now knows that a huge portion of those ugly bulges on your waistline, hips, thighs, buttocks and elsewhere *is nothing but plain trapped water!* And that even when you melt away the fat itself, *too much bulge remains until you get the trapped water out with it!*

You probably already know this. But did you know that most of the ways you use to lose weight today—most of the so-called "diet foods" you use to try to starve that weight off your body—*actually increase the amount of trapped water in your tissues!*

This includes the Number One "reducing fruit," eaten by millions of men and women when they want to go on a "crash diet"—*and that is so effective at retaining water in the body that the armed forces uses it to keep men from bleeding to death when they have no plasma handy!*

This also includes the Number One "reducing cheese"—and the Number One "reducing hot drink"—and every single one of the so-called "no-calorie" or "low-calorie" soft drinks! *They are all "super water holders"! And unless you know when and how to use them—and when not to use them at all—you'll simply swell up like a balloon, even if you're conscientiously starving yourself twenty-four hours a day!*

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At this point, we must quote the doctor himself. Here is what he says:

"The results of this diet will never be seen by your friends in sunken cheeks, hollow eyes, folds of unfilled skin, or other evidences of the typical starvation diet. If you stand before a mirror, you will have nothing but memory, and perhaps an old photograph, to tell you where you carried the weight before which has now disappeared."

At the same time, he also says:

"My patients find that soon enough their clothes will become frightfully loose; even their shoes become too big. If you stick to my diet, you might even have to have your bowling ball redrilled."

And he quotes patient after patient, like this:

"I am very happy with the results. I can wear a size 12 dress (was 20) or suit, and some size 10 dresses. Weight was 183, now 136...I feel 10 years younger too.

No wonder prospective patients wait as much as several months to see this man—to learn how they can lose 20...40...60...80...100 and even 120 pounds with a diet that forces them to eat and eat again—and that drains excess fluids right out of their bodies at the exact same time!

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Why not start losing that ugly flab—for good—*today!*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Doctor Ernest R. Reinsh entered University of Nebraska in 1917, received Bachelors Degree in 1921; Doctor of Medicine in 1923.

Doctor Reinsh interned and has been associated with Providence Hospital, Detroit since graduation and has been in continuous practice except for the interruption of three and one half years as a Medical Officer in U.S. Navy.

Professional Memberships: Wayne County Medical Society, Michigan State, American Medical Association and Society of Abdominal Surgeons.

The interest in the problems of obesity was accentuated when patients came from the corners of the earth, such as Australia, South Africa, Europe, England, Sweden and South America.

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'Television is a populist business'

CONTINUED

"Is David Steinberg the Mort Sahl of his time?" asked Silverman the next day. "Is he the intellectual comic who makes his living and passes on? Or is he one of the great clowns? I guess we'll have to spend a little money and let him develop something and find out."

"I will never bet against Freddie Silverman," observed Les Brown, a *Variety* writer who has covered television for many years and whose new book *Television: The Business behind the Box* is a fascinating look at the executive suites. "In 15 years he's never had a failure. He's different from most of his peers. He is less intellectual, but he makes no pretext of it. He's not married, but he is the greatest practitioner of programs for married women and children that the industry has ever had. He seems to sniff out what will be successful. If Freddie got wind that Greek tragedy or Pinter or Shakespeare was what people wanted, he'd deliver them quickly—and deliver them better than anybody else."

Silverman is a child of television. His father was a TV repairman for Sears in New York City and Silverman says, "I remember Dad buying a Trans-Vision kit that you assembled yourself. It had a huge chassis and a screen about four inches wide. It took him four months to put the thing together. The 'networks' in those days were New York-Philadelphia-Washington."

At Ohio State, where he took a master's in drama and television arts, Silverman wrote a thesis, a survey of ABC-TV programming from 1953 to 1959. It is still talked about in New York television circles. In it he praised ABC for its then innovative shows—*77 Sunset Strip*, *The Untouchables*—but criticized them for imitating themselves. The network could not keep its "jet-age audience of those 18-49" without continually moving on—to other plateaus. "ABC could have emerged with staying power had they moved on to, say, variety shows," Silverman suggested. "But instead they copied themselves . . . and sank."

Silverman got a job with an independent television station in Chicago as developer of new shows, "trying to compete with the networks with spit and a prayer." His major coup there was pulling an old group of movies off the shelf—*Robin Hood*, *Tom Sawyer*—calling them "Family Classics," creating a host who sat in a library with an open book, and knocking off *Rawhide*, then a top-rated show. "It wasn't particularly creative," said Silverman, "but it filled a need."

In 1963, Silverman moved to New York and CBS as head of daytime programming. He was only 25. But he quickly beefed up CBS's afternoon schedule with two more soap operas, which brought his network solid leadership in the highly profitable daytime schedule. "Daytime is the major profit center in the whole network operation," he explains. "We're talking about low-cost programs—a half-hour soap costs $75,000 a week to produce—and we sell 30 commercial minutes a week at $11,000 a minute." Putting it more clearly, that means $330,000 a week in advertising. A prime-time show like *Medical Center* costs $200,000 to produce, and the network can sell but six minutes at $60,000 a minute. (This is the top ad rate. For shows with poor ratings, ad rates plummet.)

Silverman became a protégé of Mike Dann, the colorful head of programming at CBS. When Dann, now an executive with *Sesame Street*, left CBS, Silverman succeeded him.

After the "Miss Universe" pageant on CBS, Silverman and Wood happily estimate the height of the winner—and the huge rating that the show won.

At lunch one day I asked one of Silverman's associates why television was not better. Where is the drama to provoke man's imagination? Where is the rich history of America? In England the BBC mines the past with splendor and intelligence. Must American television be a numbing array of artificial comedy and sheriffs and doctors and private detectives?

The man's answer was direct:

"Television is a populist, not an elitist, business. We're simply not interested in reaching people who sit around at New York cocktail parties and argue as to whether the Museum of Modern Art is a rip-off."

That night, I put the same question to Silverman. He pointed out that there will be four *Playhouse 90*s on CBS this season, that he has several concepts under way currently for a New York-based dramatic series for the '72-'73 season, one in the tradition of *The Defenders* or *Naked City*. "Come hell or high water, we'll have a quality show on next season, one that will win Emmys and get audiences as well."

But can four *Playhouse 90*s and one planned dramatic series a year off possibly balance the teeter-board, when at the other end sits a thousand tons of escapism? Television, one gathers, is facing up to the new realities by flinging out its arms to the past and scheduling more of the same—bright new faces to be sure, handsome production values, glittering decor and facades for stories and situations that can narcotize a nation.

Fred Silverman, in all his zeal to win for CBS, is not unaware that his programs will hardly strain the intellectual capacities of his viewers. "If I look into my soul, I'm not 100% proud of *The Doris Day Show*," he said, "but she serves a purpose. . . . It would be very, very difficult for the greatest thinkers of all time to solve my problem. I've got to answer to a corporation that is in business to make money, *and* at the same time face up to public responsibility *and* to a country that's falling apart. The guy who comes up with the formula is going to own this building"—he nodded with his head toward NBC down the street and then to ABC behind him—"and the others, too." ■

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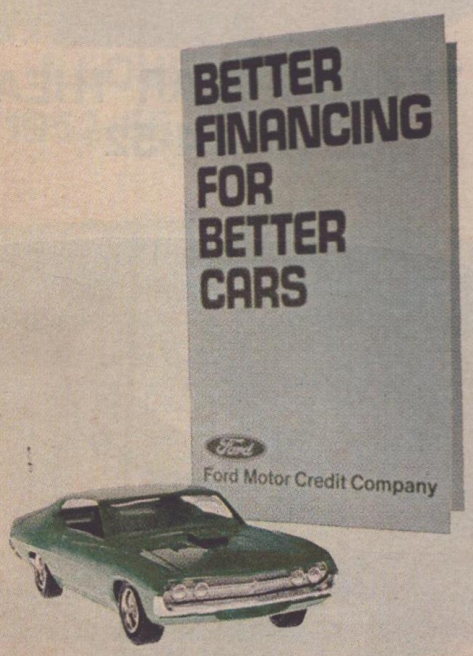

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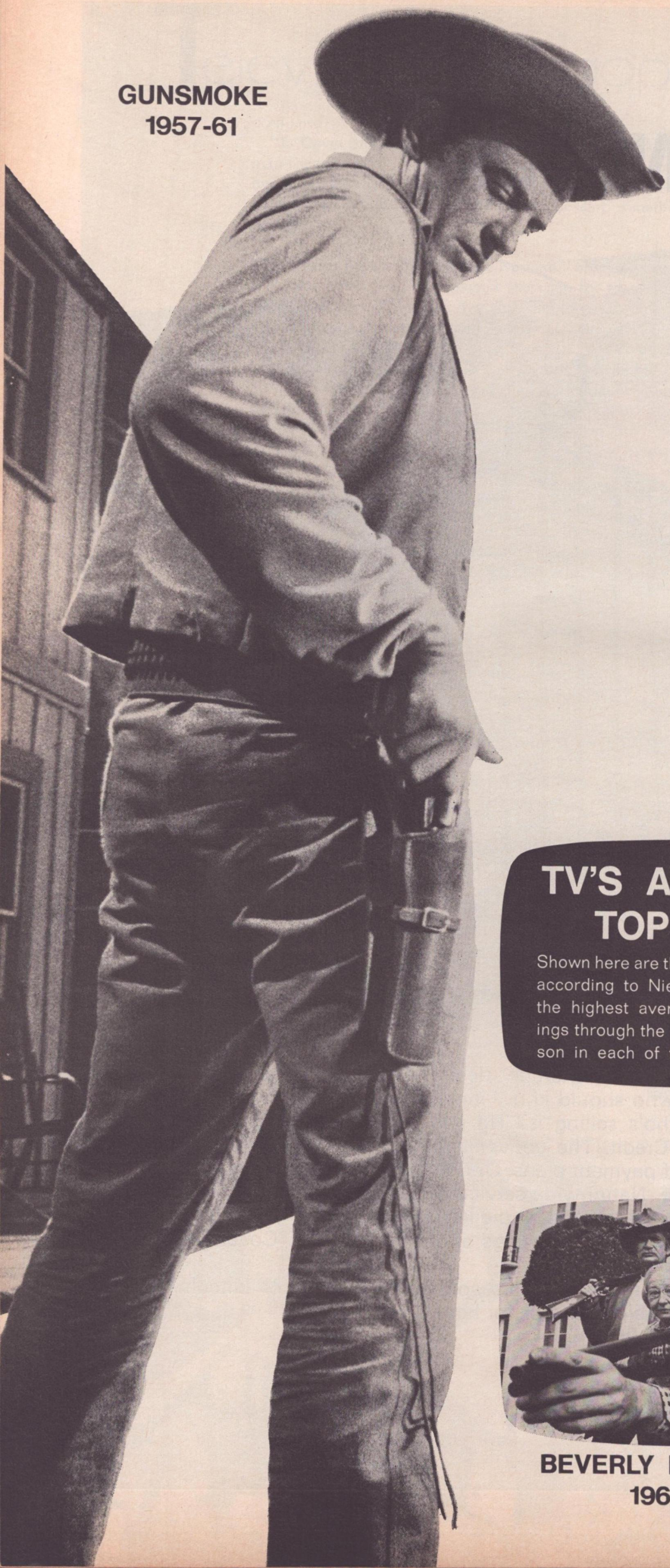


GUNSMOKE
1957-61

How I learned to stop NOTES

People kept asking me, "What do you do?" when I came to New York a dozen years ago to seek my journalistic fortune, and I learned to mumble evasively about "writing" and "television" and glide away at once in an intricate sideways shuffle. I wasn't actually ashamed of writing the capsule descriptions of TV programs that ran in the daily *Times*; I liked to think of it as a contribution to modern civilization, considering that an accurate story line ("*Surfside 6*: Man is believed responsible for his father-in-law's disappearance despite exoneration by jury") could guide the home viewer to an intelligent, if not necessarily wise, choice. Once in a while I could not only describe but tantalize ("*Twilight Zone*: A young scholar probes the mystery of a monastery"). But I also knew that in status-conscious New York, my work, like most social work, carried zero prestige, and even with an eyeful of stars, I was aware that most of the lines I wrote lacked a certain lyric fire ("*Hazel*: Hazel is told she is too old to attend a pajama party").

But I had always liked television, which helped. I was not really a child of television: I was old enough to double date when my father carted in our first table-model set sometime in the early 1950s. (Did we really see Sid Caesar as famous author Somerset Winterset on a seven-inch screen, or does memory minimize for dramatic effect?) But I was not old enough to be blasé about this new magic and when I arrived in New York with $500 and a college degree, I furnished my one-room apartment in Greenwich Village with a bed, two chairs, a lamp, some airline posters and a portable TV set. I was already

TV'S ALL-TIME TOP TEN

Shown here are the programs which, according to Nielsen surveys, had the highest average audience ratings through the October–April season in each of the past 20 years.

TEXACO STAR THEATER
1951-52

BEVERLY HILLBILLIES
1962-64

BONANZA
1964-67

struggling and tolerate the tube

IN A VIEWER'S ALBUM

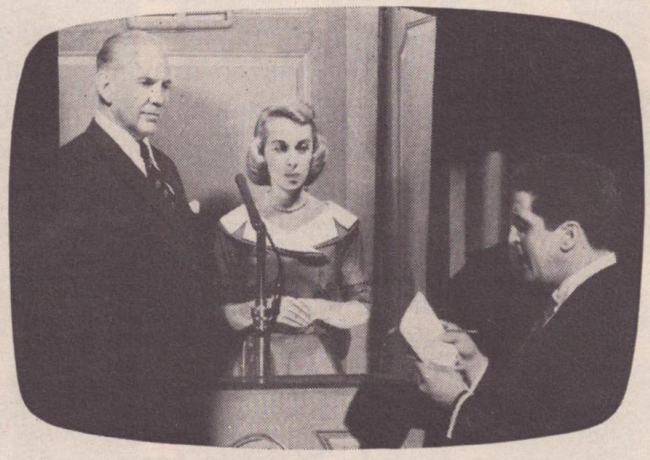
by JOAN BARTHEL

grown up, but now I became sophisticated. Back home I had been hooked on terse simplicity; I liked any program that reeked of backroom reality and I had worked on college term papers under the grainy gaze of Captain Braddock of the *Racket Squad.* But in New York I discovered David Susskind and from him and his chain-smoking guests on *Open End*, flickering on Bank Street all those Sunday midnights, I learned a lot. I learned about Ben Shahn and the situation in East Berlin, bribery in the big city and "women in society." And even as I learned interesting things to say about tranquilizers, obesity and organized religion and interesting ways to say them, I must have learned some of the other, subliminal lessons at which TV has always excelled, for while I agree that television is able to create heroes for us and topple them overnight, I must say that to this day I consider Mr. Susskind a very sexy guy.

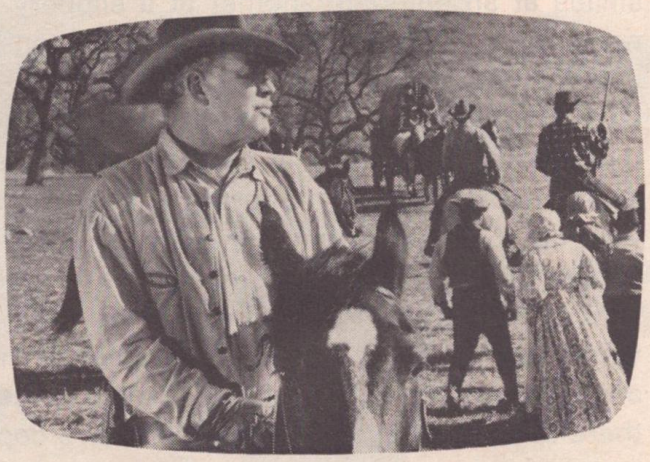
I liked lots of other programs, too, including—at random—*Person to Person, Hennesey, Alfred Hitchcock, Omnibus, Naked City* and *CBS Reports*, with its gorgeous theme music. In my first autumn in New York I saw *The Days of Wine and Roses* and never forgot it. When Jason Robards did *The Iceman Cometh* for four hours on *Play of the Week*, I gave a TV party. Television mattered to me then, and I am only sorry I took it for granted. I wish I had known then that the TV plays and so many good things were dying; I wish I had seen disillusion beckoning, so that I might have savored those pleasures even more. I know there were warning signs: I heard sociologists saying that so much violence wasn't good for us and I read of first-graders coming home from school to watch *Divorce Court*. The quiz scandals had hurt people on both sides of the screen. But good things still seemed possible then. I heard observers say that in the 1960s, television would live up to its promise, that it would enchant, uplift and dazzle; others were warning that the wasteland would only grow vaster, eventually to engulf us all. In a way, everybody was right: in 1969, the year we saw men on the moon, *Gilligan's Island* swung into its sixth successful year and a game show contestant was given a "shower of money," buried up to her waist in cash.

The risk, as I reminisce now about television, is to venture beyond my analytical depth. Remembering what was on brings up why or why not, and what it all means, and I am not convinced I want to know. I try to approach TV as an interested observer, knowing a little Babylon when I see it, a little Utopia, a little Grovers' Corners, and living there for a moment. I have been influenced, in some 20 years of viewing, in ways I can trace; no man is an island and when the *Late Show* passed away a little of me went too. In any case, by the early '60s, television had moved from its position as accessory in the American home to its citadel, no longer an appendix in the national body, but its daily heartbeat (perhaps a Pacemaker, but never mind). Once he became addicted, Everyman didn't need me anymore. On Wednesday, July 18, 1962, I wrote a story line for *The Dick Van Dyke Show:* "Rob begins to feel unnecessary at his job," and not long afterward, I stopped writing descriptions of TV shows. But I kept watching.

I LOVE LUCY
1952-55, 1956-57

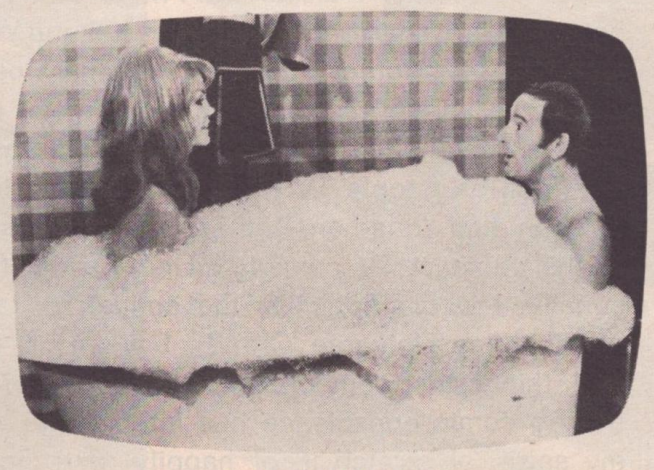


$64,000 QUESTION
1955-56

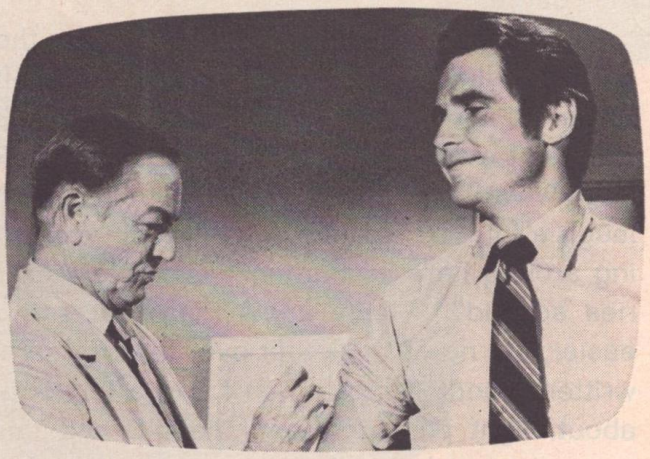


WAGON TRAIN
1961-62

ANDY GRIFFITH SHOW
1967-68



LAUGH-IN
1968-70



MARCUS WELBY, M.D.
1970-71

A comic bag of epigrams and banana peels

Funny things I have seen on television include:

- An old *I Love Lucy* episode in which Lucy and Ethel got jobs in a candy factory, inspecting—and frantically gobbling—chocolates on an assembly line.
- Flip Wilson as Christopher Columbus, warning Queen Isabella that unless he is sent out to discover America, "there ain't gonna be no Ray Charles."
- George Raft's prison commercial.
- Johnny Carson interviewing the new Miss America after he has said in print, "Talking to Miss America is like talking to a redwood tree."

My list is incomplete. But even if it covered 20 years of comic gems, it would look fragmented and random, like television comedy itself. Any category that covers both Ernie Kovacs and *Gomer Pyle*, Carol Burnett and *The Wackiest Ship in the Army*, *Mr. Peepers* and *Mr. Ed* clearly is in a state of essential disarray. I know my bias is showing, and I admit I would give you a thousand talking horses for one Burnett in pantomime any day. But it is precisely this bias, I think, that gives television its scope. One man smiles at an epigram, another at a slippery banana peel, and sometimes, depending on his mood, the same man smiles at both.

The question of what, precisely, will cajole the national funnybone is not new, but the answer keeps changing. George Gobel's answer was not Groucho Marx's answer, and neither spoke the language of the Smothers Brothers, who expanded the answer beyond the most adventurous yearnings of CBS. But although there are apparent boundaries for television comedy, there seems to be no real core. We have copies without continuity, and no true comic mainstream, as far as I can tell. When an occasional TV comedian seems cast in the hallowed mold of a Keaton or W. C. Fields, TV is the vehicle, not the source.

Perhaps it could not be otherwise, given the inevitable alliance of television with the shifting times. In my writing class at college, the best teacher I ever had once asked us why the stories we wrote were so relentlessly morose. "You laugh a lot," Dr. Cronin said. "I hear you laughing around here all the time. Why are your stories so sad?" I only knew then that sad was easier, but now I think that over the years I have written moody things when I had a lot to laugh about, light pieces when I hadn't, and this is true, more or less, of television comedy. *I Love Lucy* was the most popular show in the country when we were in Korea; afterward, mostly content and mostly at peace, we mostly watched *Gunsmoke* and *Wagon Train*. In 1968, a genuinely wretched year, Rowan and Martin's *Laugh-In* was the smash of the new season.

I know that other factors creep in: Lucille Ball is a brilliant lady; in its swift irreverence, its capacity to jolt, *Laugh-In* was a reflection of the times as well as counterpoint. But I believe the theory anyway, and I believe Carl Reiner when he says, "Remember when Mort Sahl disappeared from the scene because he didn't want to make fun of the President? You have to have the right times."

Not that I consider the times were ever necessarily right for most of what we casually call "television comedy." I mean comedy, not situation, even though, from Joan Davis to Dick Van Dyke, it has sometimes been possible for those words to be honorably linked. I mean humor, not gags; form rather than format. I mean Bob Newhart, not *Guestward Ho!*; early Gleason and Wally Cox, not *My Mother, the Car*. I mean slapstick and farce as well as polished wit; I mean people we have seen often—Skelton, Art Carney—as well as people TV has poorly used, Henry Morgan and Jonathan Winters. Although some of the choicest TV comedy is inadvertent (personally, I would not miss the annual recitation of the Miss Universe Creed), I mean, in general, things that someone with style and a functioning comic conscience has intended to ease my spirit, or stretch it, or happily rearrange it.

In the beginning, before television accustomed us to anger and division, it gave us something to laugh at: Milton Berle (above) in a veil, Dagmar and Jerry Lester (right), Howard Morris, Sid Caesar, Imogene Coca and Carl Reiner as a sodden set of Britishers (center).

Over the years we guffawed at Jackie Gleason (left) and Jonathan Winters (below right), partly because they wanted us to so much. Jack Benny was a delight, even disguised as Tarzan and upstaged by Carol Burnett (center left). Rowan and Martin's manic skits (below, Dan referees a bout between Sammy Davis and Wilt Chamberlain) cause a good many wicked smiles, and so does Flip Wilson (top left).

If it's all in the family, then what's a family?

The TV family always played to the heart. Though a place of domestic disaster, the soap opera world of *Portia Faces Life* was swathed in sentiment. In *Father Knows Best* the ideal nuclear unit drew cozy laughs, while widower Fred MacMurray amiably raised *My Three Sons* without much trouble. But after the shock of Archie Bunker, the TV family will never be the same again.

My daughter Anne is only 17 months old, but already I am wondering how to tell her the facts of TV family life. Someday soon she will discover television, and although I am sure—in fact, determined—that she will prefer *Sunrise Semester* to *Hawaii Five-O*, and *Camera Three* to *Popeye*, I know she will need moments of escape too. But when she sits down with her daddy and me some prime time, she will surely want to know: Why is Eddie's Father smiling? When can we move to Mayberry? Where have all the mommies gone?

In 1965, after I had stopped writing TV listings and taken a few years off to clear my head, I started writing articles about television programs and the people who make them. The first television producer I interviewed was Sheldon Leonard, who said he tried to embody certain values in his family shows, such as "respect for the Golden Rule, an appreciation of the importance of home and motherhood."

The latest television producer I interviewed was Richard Linke, last season, who also dwelt on the urgency of home and motherhood. I was sorry to hear it, simply because it made me think nothing had changed.

I think of the television families I have known, some of them staffed with bewildered but groovy bachelor fathers, or with lissome widows running around the house in cashmere cardigans, others intact but every bit as infectious. I think of their butterscotch world where nobody suffers, nobody gets shrill, nobody gets spanked onscreen. I think it's somewhere over the ratings, between Beverly Hills and Oz. I think the portrayal of the American family on most TV shows is at best a merry charade, at worst a sorry subterfuge.

Whose fault is it? When Carl Reiner pleads with a writer, "Give me some *real* reality," why are the odds against him?

We the people point to the TV makers, who in turn refer us to the networks. The networks talk about not offending the sponsors, who talk about not offending the public, and the giddily unreal cycle is complete, now that the Television Code allows ads for hangover remedies as long as the hangover doesn't come from drinking.

Perhaps these folks who say we get what we fantasize for are right. Historically we have relegated realism to the daytime serials, where it has been exaggerated beyond all believable bounds. The grand old family themes—adultery, nymphomania, manslaughter—have come rumbling down the decades like a giant sociological snowball. Soap families live on the outskirts of pathology, nighttime types in greener acres, but the TV land between usually isn't zoned for residential use. Consider the kids: daytime pregnancies are either illicit or ill-advised, while our prime-time visions rarely endure without hordes of grinning offspring and Donna Reed simpering at the stove. Although there are signs of a contemporary countertrend (Mrs. Brady will not have twins this season for environmental reasons), and although we will sometimes accept a childless couple with other heartwarming problems (*The Hathaways* got saddled with a houseful of chimps), we generally require that even our cartoon families, our monsters and witches, reproduce. TV children can be myriad, like the Bradys, or musical, like the Partridges, but they can never malfunction: when Andy Griffith, as *Headmaster*, discovered kids on drugs, we made him shuffle back down South in midseason.

Still, there is some contrary evidence. We approved of *Father Knows Best*; in spite of its title and some soggy moments, Robert Young made sense. *Leave It to Beaver* and *My Three Sons*, at least in their early seasons, showed some believable squabbling among the siblings. I liked the family climate created by Dick Van Dyke and Laura, the slightly tilted marital angle of *He and She*. Although I have reservations about *All in the Family*, I cheer its ragged dialogue and shredded logic; I am glad to see the show blazing a trail up that particular American family mountain, because it's there. Maybe on the way up we will reach some genuinely believable plateau, where my daughter can see TV families living pretty much the way we live: gladly, grumpily, mostly happy, reasonably insecure. Papa would be neither a sap nor a Solomon; Mama would have neither a prison record nor an overwaxed floor. It wouldn't have to be realistic, just true.

When the camera cared, I cared

Perhaps because one of my college teachers disappeared from campus and turned up soon thereafter working on the show's staff, I was impressed at the time by *Matinee Theater,* which from 1955 to 1958 presented an hour-long play every day, Monday through Friday. In retrospect I am stunned. Richard Boone in *Wuthering Heights.* Agnes Moorehead, Wendy Hiller, Shakespeare and Gore Vidal. And all this in the daytime. The series ended its three-year run about the time I came to New York, but the program still symbolizes quality television to me. I know that not all the plays were great, any more than all the nighttime plays on Kraft and Philco and *Playhouse 90* and the other series were, but people cared, and the plays were there, ours for the tuning-in, along with the quizzes and the soaps and the early sitcoms, Gilbert and Sullivan on *Omnibus* and all the treasures in Mr. Weaver's *Wide Wide World.* The true wealth in TV's "Golden Age," it seems to me, was not so much in the merit of each play as in the range of programming. Television offered us an honest choice, not a compromising echo.

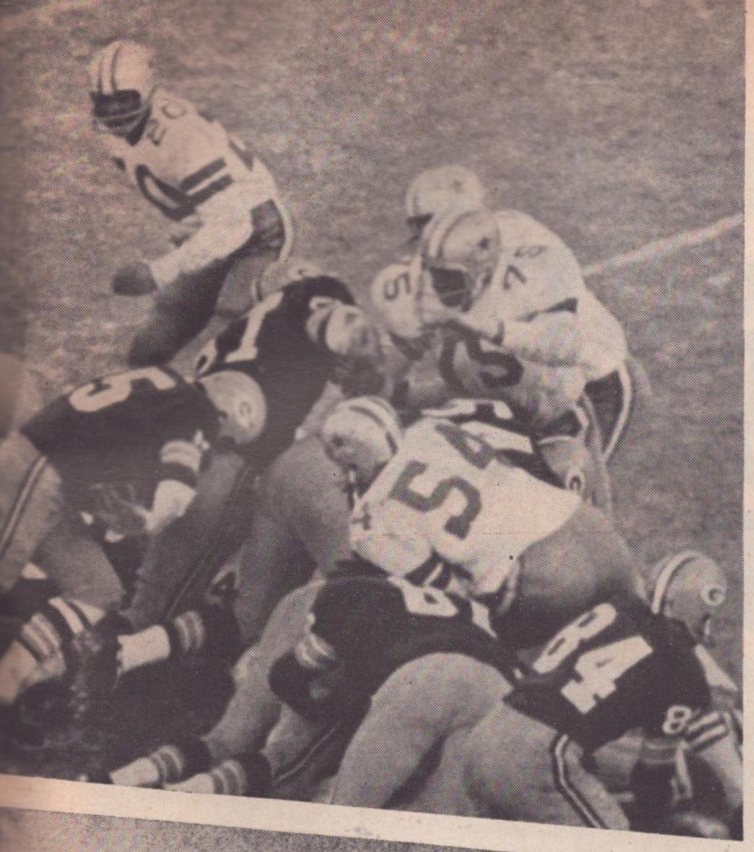
Now that excellence in TV, or the quest for it, has become more unusual, perhaps I prize it more. When I wept for Julie Harris in *Little Moon of Alban,* I suspect my tears were commonplace; nowadays, a *Death of a Salesman* or *The People Next Door* is something to stay home for. Now that I can no longer *See It Now,* or regularly look into *David Brinkley's Journal* or be taken inside the Klan or the camps of our migrant workers through David Lowe's *CBS Reports,* I have more cause to value *The Selling of the Pentagon* and those rare but totally electrifying news events. I listen for exceptional prose. I seek out television's regular pleasures—*The Wizard of Oz*—and its random rewards: a civilized chat with Fred Astaire on Dick Cavett's show; an astonishing sequence on the birth of a child, filmed by *First Tuesday* in the wilds of New Guinea; the ability of good actors (Burt Reynolds, Shirley Booth) to make a sagging series seem momentarily worthwhile. No one can replace Kukla and his gang, but *Sesame Street* is a specific pleasure amid so much that is fine on ETV.

In the end, I have no daydreams about TV, but no doomsday theory, either. I like what I sometimes watch now, including *Speaking Freely,* Mary Tyler Moore and *How Do Your Children Grow?* Sometimes, compulsively, I watch what I don't like, including the Oscar awards, telethons and beauty pageants. I am still watching David Susskind. But although I watch television less than I once did, I try to heed it more. I remember what FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson once said in a speech: "All television is educational television. The only question is, what is it teaching?"

In 1956, CBS got the idea of showing the 1939 *Wizard of Oz* on TV. With repeats (since 1968 on NBC), it has taken most of us at least once down the Yellow Brick Road with Bert Lahr (below) and friends.

Against a photographic mural showing Birmingham, Ala. police turning fire hoses on civil rights demonstrators in 1963, the studio camera stands ready to film NBC's three-hour documentary *The American Revolution of '63.* This landmark program examined the history of race relations in many cities throughout the U.S. and reported on the Negro struggle for equality.

Journalistic daring was responsible for one of TV's most moving productions. Arthur Barron's 1968 documentary *Birth and Death* ended with the death of a cancer patient (above).



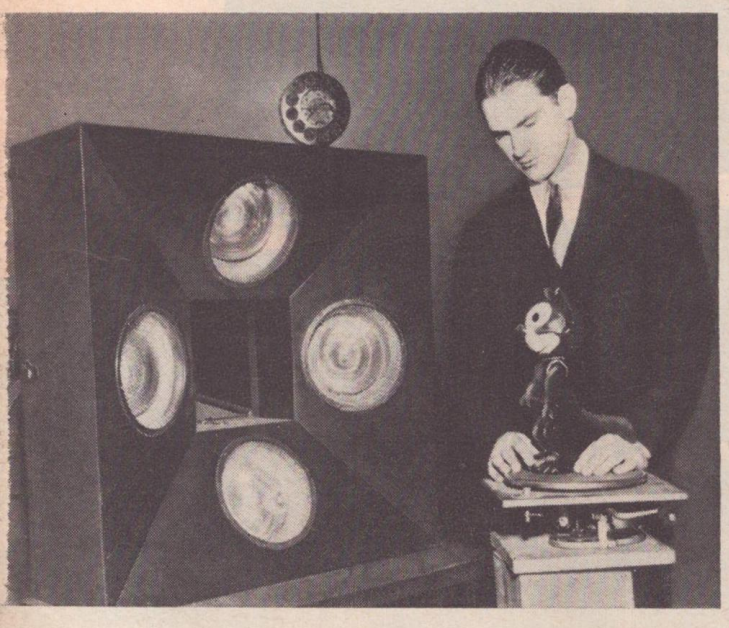
If any technical gimmick is television's very own, it is the "instant replay," the ability to repeat virtually any bit of action that has passed before the camera. Played over again and again, certain sequences have achieved classical status; the winning play of the 1967 Packers-Cowboys NFL title game (left), as Jerry Kramer opened a hole for Bart Starr's touchdown sneak; Jack Ruby shooting Lee Harvey Oswald in a hallway of the Dallas police station (below).

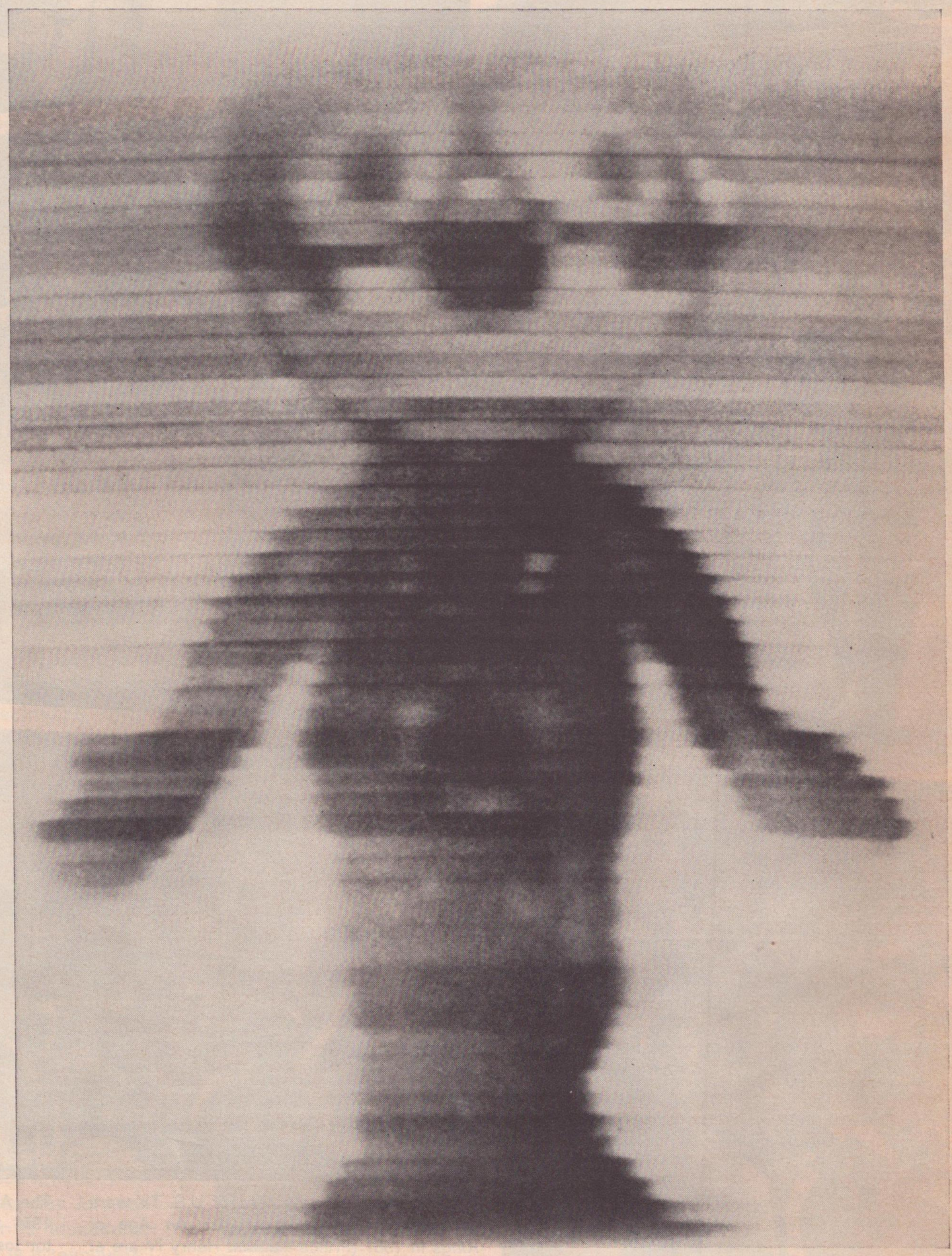
Some of the greatest riches of U.S. TV were actually British. Beginning with *An Age of Kings* in 1961 (Prince Hal and Henry IV are at left), a proud series of imports included *The Forsyte Saga* and *The Six Wives of Henry VIII*.

The Army-McCarthy hearings in the spring of 1954 were televised in full by ABC. Senator Joseph McCarthy (right) entered the hearings all-powerful, came out in disgrace, while counsel Joseph Welch (left) emerged a hero.

OUR FIRST TV STAR

In case you forgot, it was Felix the Cat





The image is blurry and flawed but identifiable: Felix the Cat, hero of a thousand comic strips and a hundred animated cartoons, America's first authentic television star. Long before Ed Sullivan, long before even Milton Berle, Felix's was a name to conjure with on the two-inch tube. Beginning in the late 1920s, RCA engineers in a mid-Manhattan studio trained their arc light on a papier-mâché statue of Felix, picked up the reflections on a battery of photoelectric cells (above) and sent his likeness whizzing all the way to Kansas. There, and at points in between, it was picked up by fellow video buffs on their primitive 60-line receivers and analyzed for quality. Later, with the switch to 120-line transmission, Felix's picture improved. But despite frequent patching and repainting, by that time Felix had fallen off his turntable once too often and had to be retired in favor of a statue of Mickey Mouse. Hail and farewell, Felix.

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